CITY OF AUGUSTA,

TREASURER'S NOTICE.

OTICE is hereby given that the taxes assessed on the polls and estates of the City of sta for the year 1891, were committed to C. mien, collector of said city, on the 19th day e, 1891, that by a vote of the City Council of ity, said taxes are due and payable to said or on the 16th day of September, 1891, and n abatement or discount of seven per cent. e allowed on all taxes assessed for the year which shall be voluntarily paid to said collor on or before the 12th day of August, 1891, terest will be added to all of said taxes reng unpaid September 16th, 1891, from that C. N. HAMLEN, City Treasurer.
USTA, June 24th, 1891. 5835

Sheriff's Sale.

NNEBEC ss. Taken on execution, wherein a Gray and George Gray, both of Gardiner, in ounty, co-partners under the firm name of Gray & Son, are creditors, and Edward W. ding of said Gardiner, is debtor, and will be y public auction on Saturday, the twenty- day of August, A. D. 1891, at two o'clock in ternoon, at the office of A. L. Ferry, Esq., in ner, in said county, the following described state, and all the right, title and interest which id Edward W. Spaulding has in and to the or had on the 18th day of July, A. D. 1891, the when the same was seized on the execution, to o certain lot or parcel of land situated in ner at South Gardiner, in said county, bound- described as follows, to wit: Beginning at a on the north line of land of A. F. Bartlett, rods from the southwesterly line of the ceme- thence running north to an iron post on the side of Johnson street, so called; thence rly on said south line twelve rods to stake and thence southerly eight rods to said Bartlett's line; thence easterly on said Bartlett's north the bounds first mentioned. Being the same ises described in a deed from Lydia F. and el J. Spencer to said debtor, dated May 23, and recorded in the Kennebec Registry of s, Book 364, page 304.
WM. H. LIBBY, *Deputy Sheriff.*
y 18, 1891. 3837

NOTICE.

HE ANNUAL MEETING of the Corporators of the Augusta Savings Bank, for the choice trustees, for the ensuing year, and for the transe of any other business that may legally come fore them, will be held in the Trustees' room of Bank, on Wednesday, August 5, 1891, at 3 k, P. M.
WM. R. SMITH, Clerk.
y 23, 1891. 3837

NNEBEC COUNTY.—*In Probate Court, at Augusta, on the second Monday of July, 1891.*

P. HAMLEN, widow of EDWARD H. HAMLEN, of Augusta, in said county, deceased, having nted her application for allowance out of the personal estate of said deceased:
DERED, That notice thereof be given three s successively, in the Maine Farmer, printed Augusta, in said county, that all persons interested may attend at a Probate Court to be held at sta, on the second Monday of August next, and cause, if any they have, why the prayer said petition should not be granted.
H. S. WEBSTER, *Judge.*
est: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.* 37*

NNEBEC COUNTY.—*In Probate Court, held at Augusta, on the second Monday of July, 1891.*

CERTAIN INSTRUMENT, purporting to be last will and testament of EBEN G. DOLE, of Hallowell, in said county, deceased, having presented for probate:
DERED, That notice thereof be given three s successively prior to the second Monday of xt next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper ted in Augusta, that all persons interested may d at a Court of Probate, then to be holden at sta, and show cause, if any, why the said ument should not be proved, approved and ed, as the last will and testament of the said ased.
H. S. WEBSTER, *Judge.*
est: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.* 37*

NNEBEC COUNTY.—*In Probate Court at Augusta, on the second Monday of July, 1891.*

CERTAIN INSTRUMENT, purporting to be last will and testament of MINNIE J. MOONEY, of Augusta, in said county, deceased, having presented for probate:
DERED, That notice thereof be given three s successively prior to the second Monday of xt next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper ted in Augusta, that all persons interested may d at a Court of Probate then to be holden at sta, and show cause, if any, why the said ument should not be proved, approved and ed, as the last will and testament of the said ased.
H. S. WEBSTER, *Judge.*
est: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.* 37*

NNEBEC COUNTY.—*In Probate Court held at Augusta, on the second Monday of July, 1891.*

CERTAIN INSTRUMENT, purporting to be last will and testament of WILLIAM S. HADLEY, late of Chicago, Illinois, having come to said county, sed, having been presented for probate:
DERED, That notice thereof be given three s successively prior to the second Monday of xt next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper ed in Augusta, that all persons interested may d at a Probate Court then to be holden at sta, and show cause, if any, why the said ument should not be proved, approved and ed, as the last will and testament of the said ased.
H. S. WEBSTER, *Judge.*
est: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.* 37*

OTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the subscriber has been duly appointed Administrator the estate of TIMOTHY MAHONEY, late of sta, in the county of Kennebec, deceased, ate, and has undertaken that trust by giving bond as the law directs: All persons, there- having demands against the estate of said de- d, are desired to exhibit the same for settle- ; and all indebted to said estate are requested ake immediate payment to
THOS. J. LYNCH.
y 15, 1891. 37*

OTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the subscriber has been duly appointed Executor of the will and testament of SARAH C. STARKS, late Augusta, in the county of Kennebec, deceased, te, and has undertaken that trust by giving bond as the law directs: All persons, therefore, having demands against the estate of said deceased, are desired to exhibit the same for settlement; and all indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to
J. W. PATTERSON.
y 15, 1891. 37*

ENNEBEC COUNTY.—*In Probate Court at Augusta, on the second Monday of July.*

E. SOUTHARD, Administrator on the estate BENJAMIN H. CURTIS, late of WAYNE, in said ty, deceased, having petitioned for license l the following real estate of said deceased, for ayment of debts, etc., viz: A dwelling house, e, and one acre of land, in said Wayne:
DERED, That notice thereof be given three s successively prior to the second Monday of xt next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper ted in Augusta, that all persons interested may d at a Court of Probate then to be holden at sta, and show cause, if any, why the prayer of petition should not be granted.
H. S. WEBSTER, *Judge.*
est: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.* 37*

ENNEBEC COUNTY.—*In Probate Court, held at Augusta, on the second Monday of July, 1891.*

WARD E. LINDSAY, Executor on the estate THOMAS RANKINE, late of Monmouth, in said ty, deceased, having petitioned for license to the following real estate of said deceased, for ayment of debts, etc., viz: A lot of land with dings thereon, situate in Monmouth:
DERED, That notice thereof be given three s successively, prior to the second Monday of xt next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper ted in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Probate Court then to be holden at sta, and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer d petition should not be granted.
H. S. WEBSTER, *Judge.*
est: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.* 37*

ENNEBEC COUNTY.—*In Probate Court, held at Augusta, on the second Monday of July, 1891.*

MES E. DEVINE, Guardian of HARRIET E. HANNAH B. DEVINE of Augusta, in said county, rs, having petitioned for license to sell the following real estate of said wards, to proceeds to be ed on interest, viz: All the interest of said ds in a certain lot of land with buildings situate dd Augusta:
DERED, That notice thereof be given three s successively prior to the second Monday of xt next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper ted in Augusta, that all persons interested may d at a Court of Probate then to be holden at sta, and show cause, if any, why the said petition should not be granted.
H. S. WEBSTER, *Judge.*
est: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.* 37*

OTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the subscriber has been duly appointed Administrator on the estate of JOSEPH BROWN late of gusta, in the County of Kennebec, deceased, state, and has undertaken that trust by giving d as the law directs: All persons, therefore, ng demands against the estate of said deceased, ested to exhibit the same for settlement; all indebted to said estate are requested to e immediate payment to
ANDELIA BROWN.
y 16, 1891. 36*

THE MAINE FARMER,

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY, BY

ADGER & MANLEY,

OFFICE: WILLIAMS BLOCK, WATER STREET, Within two doors of the Bridge.

TERMS:

PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

FREE OF POSTAGE.

NOT PAID WITHIN THE YEAR, $2.50 WILL BE CHARGED.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING:

One inch space, $1.50 for three insertions, and forty-two cents for each subsequent insertion. Special Notices, $1.50 per inch for each insertion. Transient advertisements to be paid for in advance.

TRAVELING AGENTS:

S. AYER, J. W. KELLOGG.

Maine Farmer.

BADGER & MANLEY, Publishers and Proprietors. "OUR HOME, OUR COUNTRY, AND OUR BROTHER MAN." TERMS: Two Dollars per annum, in Advance.

VOL. LIX. AUGUSTA, MAINE, THURSDAY, AUGUST 6, 1891. No. 39.

Fairs to Occur.

Aroostook County Agricultural Society—At Houlton, Sept. 30th.
Buxton and Hollis—At Buxton, Sept. 29-24.
Cumberland County—At Gorham, Sept. 15-17.
Central Washington—At Machias, Sept. 16th and 17th.
East Eddington—Sept. 30th and Oct. 1st.
Eastern Maine—At Bangor, Sept. 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th.
East Somerset—At Hartland, Sept. 14th, 15th and 16th.
East Pittston Society—At East Pittston, Sept. 15th, 16th and 17th.
Gray Park Association—At Gray, Sept. 1st, 2d and 3d.
Kennebec—At Readfield, Sept. 22d, 23d and 24th.
Lincoln County—At Damariscotta, Sept. 22 24.
North Oxford—At Andover, Sept 30th and Oct. 1st
North Knox—At Appleton, Sept. 29th, 30th and Oct. 1st.
North Franklin—At Phillips, Sept. 22-24.
North Kennebec Agricultural and Horticultural Society—At Waterville, Aug. 25th and 26th.
North Aroostook—At Presque Isle, Sept. 15th, 16th and 17th.
Northern Cumberland—At Harrison, Oct. 6th, 7th and 8th.
Orrington—Sept. 22-24.
Oxford County—At South Paris and Norway, Sept. 15-17.
Ossipee Valley—At Cornish, Sept. 1st, 2d and 3d.
Piscataquis Central—On the Society's grounds, Sept. 22d, 23d and 24th.
Ramshackle Park—At West Newfield, Sept. 9-10.
Sagadahoc—At Topsham, Oct. 13th, 14th and 15th.
Scarboro and Cape Elizabeth—At Scarboro, Sept. 29th, 30th and Oct. 1st.
State Agricultural Society—At Lewiston, Sept. 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th.
South Kennebec—At South Windsor, on the Society's grounds, Sept. 29th and 30th, and Oct. 1st.
Somerset Central—Sept. 15th, 16th and 17th.
Scarboro and Cape Elizabeth Farmers' Association—At Pleasant Hill, Scarboro, Sept. 29th, 30th, and Oct. 1st.
West Washington—At Cherryfield, Sept. 23 and 24.
West Penobscot—At Exeter, Sept. 29th, 30th, and Oct. 1st.
West Piscataquis—At Monson, Sept. 30th and Oct. 1st.
Waldo County—At Belfast Park, Sept. 29th and 30th.
York County—At Saco, Aug. 24th, 25th and 27th.
York County Horse Breeders' Association—Fall meeting at Saco, Sept. 23d, 24th and 25th.

When you have a good cow appreciate her and keep her, and you needn't feel very bad about it if she is not thoroughbred.

Potatoes are plenty and low throughout New England. The early crop is very fine, and the later promises equally well. We hear of no rot yet.

G. M. Whitaker, proprietor of the *New England Farmer*, Boston, has been appointed Assistant Secretary of the State Board of Agriculture, to assist in the enforcement of the new dairy law. The dairy interest of the State may rest assured it will have a faithful officer in Mr. Whitaker.

Some one tells of a Western farmer who says his "farm is but half its former size, yet his barns and granary need to be as large as ever." Here in Maine the phraseology would have to be changed to meet the case: The farms are as large as ever, but the barns need to be twice their former capacity to hold the crops.

The farmers of the town of Wesley, Washington county, are talking up the matter of a cheese factory, and a committee, with D. G. Rollins chairman, has been raised to get information on the business. This would be a capital good business for the farmers of the locality if they will but put in cows enough to make the output amount to something.

A great mistake in sheep husbandry, often met, is that the owners expect their flocks to go through the summer season without any attention. They keep sheep rather than other stock "because there is but little labor about them." This is what is the matter. Sheep will not thrive even in summer without having their full wants met, and people who try to keep them without care never have a choice flock.

The New England Fair, with its customary enterprise, is making a special effort to get up a show of distinguished men on the occasion of its exhibition to be held with the Worcester Society the first week in September. This has always been one of its pet features, and generally has been fairly successful, save when it comes to Maine, where the man-show act never seemed to be a brilliant success. This year Col. Needham has invited Grover Cleveland and wife, Ex-Speaker Reed of this State, Secretary Rusk, and the Governors of all the New England States.

In referring to processes in butter making, the *Mirror and Farmer* says:

"We have made no discoveries of principles that really call for a change of the intelligent practices of the past. Facts throw some new light on old practices, and here and there we have a new labor-saving invention. But as to real progress in the art of butter making, we have not made enough to warrant any very lofty boasting. We know more about the character of the butter fat and the various interesting information about microbes; but beyond this we are as much at sea on the ocean of empyricism as ever. The positivists in dairying do not rise above the level of blind egotism."

"Old fields are light," is the stereotyped phrase we hear coming, as usual, from every direction in the hay crop reports. Well, this is to be expected; they are always light. There has been nothing done to have them otherwise. If one gets good grass he has to work for it. Plow up these old fields and bring the long buried under soil to the surface, stir it up and bring it in contact with the air, apply a coating of manure, re-seed again to grass, and there will be no old fields left. The trouble is not with the field, but with the owner. These run down farms want labor, enterprise, courage and business. They will pay well for it. "What shall be done for manure," do you say? These better crops fed to stock will furnish more manure. It never comes, however, from the wishing. Work brings that about.

Look After the Stock.

At this season of the year in many cases the pastures begin to fall to furnish that bountiful supply of feed which was afforded through the months of June and July. Where this is the case, it must be taken into account that just as surely stock of whatever kind, feeding in such pastures, fail to respond with product or growth in proportion as their full wants fail to find a supply. Too many overlook this fact. The August grass is all right if there is only enough of it. Farmers should always keep in mind the fact that in order for stock to do well *they must have enough to eat.* Whenever, therefore, the pastures begin to fail, the deficiency should be made up from some other source. It is right at this point that many owners of stock fail to make their stock a full success. Stock will live when on a short supply of feed, but when only living they are not making money for their owner.

Farmers should have well laid plans how this deficiency of pasturage shall be made up. In some cases it can be done by taking a portion of the stock from the pasture. In case the stock is driven to the barn nights, it can there be fed, either with green food provided for the purpose or with the store of hay on hand. In case of sheep and young cattle and colts a good practice is to take a feed of grain to the pasture, provided always that it be fed to such stock as will return the cost value of the grain. Besides putting the stock in good condition this is a practicable way for improving the pastures. There is no time when grain can be fed to stock, (if they need it,) than in the summer when at pasture. At the same time the manurial effects of it are applied to the soil by the stock itself without cost. This whole matter is one calling for careful consideration on the part of the farmer.

Oats for Fodder.

Many of our small farmers want to keep more stock, and would do so if their farms produced more fodder to feed it on. Their dependence is chiefly on hay, and their limited acres, many of which after three or four mowings yield only light crops of grass, fail to furnish the needed fodder for any increase of stock. To such the oat crop can be recommended as worthy of attention as a fodder crop. Oats are a crop easily grown on nearly all kinds of soil, are reasonably sure of making a good crop, and very well take the place of thin grass, now so commonly seen. They will yield much more to the acre, and though not a rich fodder, yet when cut at the right stage of maturity make a fodder that gives a good account of itself, when a grain ration is fed with it. In our own practice we have occasionally fed this kind of fodder, and with good results. Mr. S. A. Hickox, of the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture, in a lecture before one of our institutes, last winter, advocated a resort to this method of increasing the fodder supply, in bringing up run down farms. He has himself grown it largely in his own practice. To any one wishing for an increase of stock fodder at small cost, this crop is commended to his attention. They should be cut just at the time they begin to change in color, and before the grain is fairly full.

At the Fairs.

The game idea as to management seems to pervade nearly all our cattle shows and fairs. Almost, or quite universally, they are accepting the horse racing as the prime factor of success and are shaping their management accordingly. The argument brought forward in support of this course is that we must have the races to draw the receipts. Without taking ground against the soundness of such a claim, we contend that these exhibitions have a mission beyond the gate money. If they have not, then the government aid given to them is uncalled for and misplaced. Our State appropriates money for the support of these exhibitions solely on the ground of promoting the industries represented.

An idea is getting abroad that these exhibitions should be made more educational in their influence, and that their work be shaped accordingly. This, of course, comes somewhat in conflict with the present practice of giving the racing chief attention. To what extent this educational feature can be introduced and pay its way, is one of the problems connected with these exhibitions that can only be determined by trial. The exhibitions of the Royal Agricultural Society of England are among the most successful in regard to attendance and receipts of any in the civilized world, yet the work is largely educational in its scope. Need there be, in fact, is there less of purpose on the part of Yankees in attending fairs, than with the proverbially slower English? We think not. The Bay State Society has stepped away from the horse race and the side shows, yet the attendance has been fully up to other fairs carrying these attractions. The New York State is another example in the same line, and others of less pretentions can be cited.

There is much evidence going to show that horse racing is only one of the many attractions which serve to draw attendance at the fairs, and we contend that more is claimed for it than facts will warrant. More educational features may and should be introduced into the exhibitions, thus giving them a wider usefulness. We believe people attend fairs for something more than amusement, or will do so if the fair is shaped for that purpose.

Exile of St. Lambert.

We take great pleasure in presenting in this issue an illustration of the Jersey bull Exile of St. Lambert 13657, the property of P. J. Cogswell, Rochester, N. Y., which age considered and judged by the number of his 2 lb. daughters, is the foremost sire of the breed. Age aside, he stands fifth in rank among the great sires of the breed, living and dead, in the number of his daughters which have tested 14 lbs. of butter and over in 7 days, and with the number of his female progeny which will come under test in the near future, it seems to be merely a question of time when he will rank all bulls of the breed in the matter of descendants in the "standard list"—*i. e.*, 14 lbs. in 7 days. His twenty-five daughters which have actually entered this list, and the records they have made, are subjoined:

Lena Stoke Pogis 39756, 24 lbs., 4 oz.
Paola Stoke Pogis 34691, 23 lbs.
Yum Yum of St. Lambert 29152, 21 lbs., 4 oz.
Exile's Belle 40524, 18 lbs.
Helen Stoke Pogis 31947, 17 lbs., 8 oz.
Exile's Pauline 37530, 16 lbs., 15 oz.
Exile's Anna 46881, 16 lbs., 12 oz.
Isadore Stoke Pogis 37297, 16 lbs., 9½ oz.
Afee of St. Lambert 49005, 16 lbs., 9 oz.
Exile's Daisy 46885, 16 lbs., 4 oz.
Exile's Lulu 49984, 16 lbs., 2 oz.
Nora Stoke Pogis 34687, 16 lbs., 1 oz.
Yuba Stoke Pogis 37294, 15 lbs., 14½ oz.
Exile's Alphea 45393, 15 lbs., 14½ oz.
Exile's Fawn 40979, 15 lbs., 10 oz.
Zenobia Stoke Pogis 37293, 15 lbs., 8 oz.
Exile's Lucy 46883, 15 lbs., 7¾ oz.
Bertha Stoke Pogis 35206, 14 lbs., 13 oz.
Exile's Aggie 52764, 14 lbs., 10½ oz.
Exile's Dell 76533, 14 lbs., 10¼ oz.
Exile's Lizzie 61477, 14 lbs., 8¼ oz.
Elamnetta, 2d, 37945, 2 lbs., 9 oz., for 1 day.
Exile's Bessie 49985, 7 lbs., 1 oz., for 3 days.
Jennie Stoke Pogis 32010, over 2 lbs. per day.
Daisy Seeker 43099, 14 lbs., 1 oz.

Quick Work.

Hearing that Mr. J. L. Howe, the inventor and manufacturer of Howe's Hay Lifter and Carrier, was doing some quick work at unloading hay at his fine Alpine Farm, and always interested in the best tools, we went over one afternoon to witness the work. The hay was being drawn in two racks, one an ordinary two horse rack and the other a shorter rig. The long rack was unloaded in two drafts, while the shorter load of about 1200 pounds was handled in one. The time occupied in driving into the barn, elevating the hay into the roof and dumping it in its place and backing the team out again, was in case of the large load three minutes, and with the single draft load one minute and a half. This was done, load after load, as the teams drove in from the field. Remembering the days of pitching hay by hand high up into the heated barn, we came away convinced that modern appliances facilitate the labor of haying as well as knock off many of the hard spots that once went with the work. The hired man ought to be happy over the fact that his lot is cast in this modern age.

Corn Silage.

At one of of the New York dairy schools Mr. B. D. Gilbert, one of the lecturers gave the following answer to a question as to the comparative value of roots and corn ensilage for feeding: Q.—Which is the most profitable for butter production, an acre of silage or one of mangolds?

Mr. Gilbert:—I prefer the silage. Would not sow mangolds, but sugar beets instead. There is too much labor connected with the feeding of mangolds, and there is too much of it with raising them. Silage can be raised much cheaper, because it can be all done by horse power. There is no need of any hand labor till harvest time comes. The smothing harrow and cultivator are all the tools needed for cultivating the crop, the hoe being "left out." Good silage, however, can only be made from perfectly grown corn. The average so-called "sowed corn" is not worth the cost of cutting it. Silage from such corn cannot be compared with roots or any other crop for for stock feeding, as any other crop, almost, is preferable to it. Good ensilage is made from corn that will husk from 100 to 125 or more bushels of ears per acre, planted in rows and cut just as the advanced ears are glazing, then put directly into the silo and sealed up. It will then be the cheapest food that can be raised on the farm. Forty pounds a day, in two feeds, per cow, balanced with some of the before mentioned nitrogenous grains, with a small ration of early cut clover, or mixed hay fed to good dairy cows, will produce profit for their owners if the butter is properly made and put upon the market as it should be. I plant my corn three and a half feet one way and two and a half feet the other, with three kernels left to grow in a hill.

Remember the silo does *not add* to the value of its contents, it only preserves them, and there will always be some loss in such contents. No fodder can be grown, cut and secured and its whole value retained; there will always be a greater or lesser loss. When the corn stalk is left till it becomes dry and ripe, its sugar and starch have gone and nothing but woody fibre remains. We want to utilize the whole crop when it is at its best for food. There will be found more money in meal finely ground from both corn and cob than from corn alone; and it is much more healthy food because there is more waste product—cob—in it, which absolutely necessary when corn meal, which is a heat and fat forming food, is fed. A diversity of foods and those that are succulent are most healthy as well as most profitable. Sweet corn properly grown and put into the silo whole makes the best silage. It is better thus preserved than when cut; as, the stalk, being full of sugar, when it is cut, loses much of it. It must be properly handled, and preserved in the silo with care to be safe. Should be planted about the 10th of May, or earlier. I aim to get my corn into the ground about May 8. There will not be much danger of loss from frost if the seed goes into the ground at that date.

Pig Feeding at the Illinois Station

Corn is the great fattening food for pigs in a large part of the United States. In eight trials in which corn only was fed, aside from salt and coal slack, pigs varying in average weight from 65 to 290 lbs., and kept in pens or small lots without grass, gained at the rate of from 10.46 lbs. to 14 73 lbs. per bushel, 56 lbs. shelled corn, the average gain being 12.36 lbs. The rate of gain for food eaten, and the food eaten in proportion to weight decreased after four or six weeks feeding with corn only. The corn eaten per day varied from 3.41 lbs. eaten by pigs averaging 65.58 lbs., to 10.71 lbs. eaten by pigs weighing 311 lbs. The corn eaten per day per 100 lbs. live weight, varied from 1.95 lbs. eaten by pigs fed 84 days and averaging 307 lbs. in weight, to 5.19 lbs. eaten by pigs averaging 65.58 lbs. In one case, in the fourth week of pen feeding, two pigs gained 3.21 lbs. each per day —at the rate of 16.81 lbs. per bushel of corn. This was the greatest gain per day, and was also the best rate of gain in any trial. There seemed to be no constant relation between the weight of the pigs or the season of the year and the food eaten, or the gains made.

In four trials, pigs fed all they would eat of shelled corn with blue grass pasture ate 4,316.5 lbs. of corn and gained 905 lbs., which was at the rate of 12.04 lbs. gain per bushel of corn. Pigs under like conditions, except that they were fed but half as much corn, ate 2,190 lbs. corn and gained 505 lbs., which was at the rate of 12.93 lbs. per bushel. Pigs in dry lots fed shelled corn, ate 4,207 lbs. corn and gained 790.5 lbs., which was at the rate of 10.52 lbs. per bushel.

After periods varying from six to nine weeks, the pigs which had been fed a half ration of corn on pasture, were given a full feed of corn, the others being fed as before. In three trials, lasting four or five weeks each, the pigs which had had a full feed of corn throughout ate 1,796 lbs. of corn, and gained 329 lbs., which was at the rate of 10.11 lbs. per bushel. Those which had been fed a half feed of corn in the first part of the trials ate 2,075.5 lbs. of corn in the second part, and gained 462.5 lbs., which was at the rate of 12.5 lbs. per bushel. Those fed corn only ate 1,624.5 lbs. of corn, and gained 224 lbs., which was at the rate of 7.44 lbs. per bushel.

In two trials pigs fed soaked corn ate more and gained more than those fed dry corn. In one trial they gained more, and in one less in proportion to food eaten than those fed dry corn. The differences were not great in either case.

Two pigs in a two-acre pasture in which three yearling steers were fed corn, gained in 24 weeks 195 lbs. In a second trial two pigs with like conditions gained 231 lbs. in 31 weeks. In neither case was the gain large. In each case the pigs at the close of the trial were in good condition for full feeding, and made large gains when so fed.

A trial of apple pomace as food for pigs resulted unsatisfactorily. The pomace kept well; chemical analysis of it showed an apparently good composition for feeding purposes; but the pigs ate very little of the pomace.

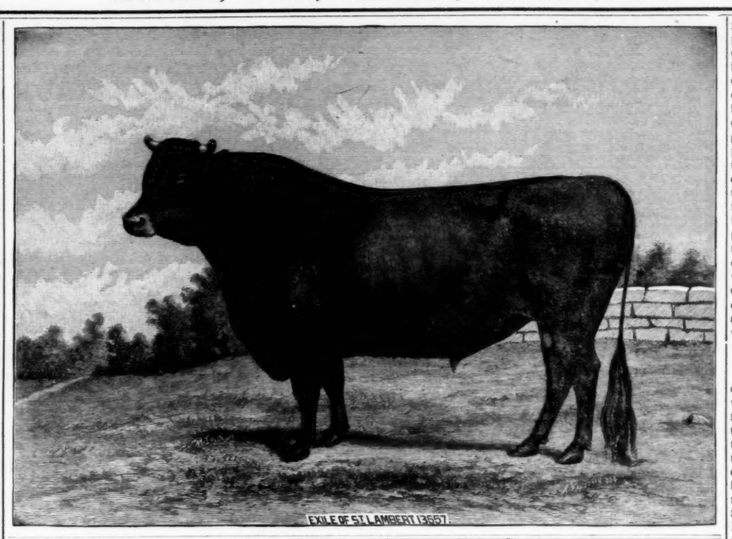
Advantages of the Separator System.

In the former issues some of the drawbacks of the separator system have been mentioned. Those partial to the separator have persistently tried to deny that these drawbacks existed, but they do exist, just the same. That the separator system is gaining in popularity all the time is evidence that it has actual merits—enough of them to counterbalance, and, in good dairy localities, over-balance the disadvantages. One of the most serious objections is the inferiority of separated milk. Although this has been denied, it is a well known fact, and now a way is known to improve the keeping qualities of the milk. This is done by simply heating the milk as it leaves the separator. Mr. O. T. Dennison, president of the Iowa dairy association, is the first in Iowa to adopt this method. He was also the first to use a tin tank for buttermilk, scalding it every day to keep sweet. If any one was ahead of Mr. Dennison in this, we do not know it. Expert labor, and only expert labor, can turn out a uniformly good article. The more of dairying there is left for unskilled hands to accomplish, the greater variation there will be in the result. The longer milk is left on the farm with widely different surroundings and facilities, the greater the variation in the condition of the milk or cream when it leaves the farm. Cream must be uniform in itself to give uniform results. The only way to insure uniformity is to have the milk under control from first to last. Herein lie the advantages of the separator system.

There are a few localities where the patrons of gathered cream factories handle milk in a good and nearly uniform manner. These factories turn out good butter. But water supply is apt to fail. The wind does not always blow. The water is not always changed. The temperature rises. The cream is not all obtained.

The best grade of all factory butter is made where the milk goes to the factory twice every day as soon as drawn from the cow. It is then set at once in ice water at the factory under the same conditions, and all being under one control, the butter is first class. But when it is hauled to "skim houses" and set in ice water and the cream hauled to a central churning factory, the butter maker finds an element of uncertainty has entered in. How much more so is this the case when set for creaming at scores of different farms and under widely different conditions, and then carted around all day in all kinds of weather before it gets to the factory.

The "set milk" factory requires a milk delivery twice a day, and as the milk is partly cooled before it gets to the factory, it does not get out all the butter. The separator factory lessens the expense of delivery because once a day is sufficient and increases the yield and gives the factory almost entire control of the handling of the milk. Taken all around, the separator system comes nearer to "filling the bill" than any other yet devised.—*E. C. Bennet, in Rural Life.*


EXILE OF ST. LAMBERT 13657.

Food for All Seasons.

—At Kansas City the other day were shown two steers. Red Durhams, one of which weighed 4000 pounds, and the other 4040. They were six years old, and nearly twelve feet long, and six feet high. The owner was offered 50 cents per pound, or $4,020 for them, but declined it, as he proposes to take them to the World's Fair.

—The vote of New York State school children for the State flower, was, in total, 501,218, with a majority of 88,414 for the rose.

—Chinese beet sugar factory was opened near Pomona, Cal., Aug. 1. Others are expected to follow soon.

—"An instance is recorded from the south of England," says the *North British Agriculturist*, "of forty-eight Dorset Horn ewes having produced no fewer than 105 lambs from Sept. 29, 1890, to May 22, 1891. The lambs arrived in two crops, but even allowing for this the yield is a very creditable one, and is a fresh testimony to the prolific qualities of this handy breed of sheep. The Dorset Horn breed continues to enjoy a wide and increasing popularity in different districts of the country, and only the other day it was agreed to publish a flock book in connection with the breed.

—Prof. W. W. Cook of Vermont says: "In regard to the effect of feed on the character of milk, we find a wide variety of opinion, and a series of more than 1,000 tests which we completed ten days ago, seem to show conclusively that the popular idea in regard to succulent pasture feed having an effect on the milk, is decidedly wrong."

—An important event in the grain trade has recently occurred. A new pattern steel steamer sailed from Duluth, Minn., during the latter part of June with 95,000 bushels of grain. Her route was down the lakes, through the canal, and thence down the St. Lawrence river and across the Atlantic. This is the first cargo of grain ever sent direct from a lake port across the water.

—One of the greatest industries of California is wheat growing, but it does not seem to be a profitable one. A farmer there says the man who makes money growing wheat in California has got to be an excellent manager, and he must have first-class land. The greater part of the wheat land in the State won't produce much more than interest and taxes at the rate wheat has been selling for the last three years.

—"It is very strange," said the amateur gardener, "I planted radishes there, and nothing but a lot of green stalks have come up, with not a blamed radish or sign of a blossom on 'em."—*Puck.*

—Some men seem to be afraid of the term "scientific." They object to scientific dairying because they imagine that it is following some plan that leads contrary to nature. "Scientifically" means doing a thing according to knowledge and not according to instinct. This is the way the dairy must be conducted in the future, or failure is nearly certain.

Communications.

For the Maine Farmer.

Those Wonderful Strawberry Plum Trees.

Mr. Editor: I think the merits of this plum tree were discussed at some length through the columns of the *Farmer* some time ago, and as I remember, the verdict seemed to be against them. I did not enter into the discussion at that time as I had some set but had not proved them. The tree man recommended them so highly, and gave such a glowing account of the quantity of plums they would bear, that I was induced to try six. So when I read what others thought of them, that they were worthless and the men who wrote this professed to know about them, I confess I began to feel—well I can't just tell how, but somehow I hoped my trees were different from those that had proved so worthless; and if my trees did bear plums as the tree agent said they would, then I would hold myself in readiness to say a good word for the plum tree, and the agent as well. But alas! this was not to be. To make sure that they would winter I turned two of them down (as we do the Moors and Arctic in this country) but all in vain; they are worthless. On or two have a few leaves on them, but they are death-struck. The agent has not called on me this season to see if they are bearing, although I can assure him he would be welcome.

Sprague's Mills. C. W. WHEELER.

Morning Scenes on South Market Street.

Those who have not visited Faneuil Hall Market in Boston, before eight o'clock in the morning, have but little idea of the amount of business done there previous to that hour each day. A right to occupy certain parts of the adjacent streets for the sale of produce was granted to the farmers, and is by them used, subject to certain restrictions imposed by the city or by its representative, the superintendent of the market, and it is their trade which makes the streets so lively at an early hour.

Let us accompany one of those farmers on a trip when he has a load of produce to sell. Leaving home, five, ten or fifteen miles away, as the case may be, about dark at night, he drives in and takes his station upon South Market street, if it is not occupied. The "first come is the first served," and he may take his choice of any places not filled, on any night excepting Sunday night. He may register his name before the first of May, and if his business warrants it, he can have a certain space allotted to him, upon which he may drive before five o'clock at night, and which will be reserved for him until ten o'clock, after which time it is open to the first one who desires the position. The space so allotted to him he is apt to take whenever he is in the market, and, in fact, the regular frequenters have their regular positions and no one of them sees fit to take another's position, any more than he would if it had been a law, instead of a custom, that he should have it.

Arriving then upon the street he drives to his position, or if that is already filled, to another very near it, that his regular customers may know where to look for him. Immediately a hostler is ready to take the horse or horses to a stable to be cared for until his load is sold. To the credit of the stable keepers it may be said that the horses are usually as well cared for as at any stable. They are cleaned down, fed and watered, according to the instructions of the owners, and there is seldom any complaint of apparent neglect. If the farmers on hand early, and the evening is fine, there is a stroll around to see what others may have upon their wagons, and perhaps some consultation as to the probable prices of the morning, and a comparison of the crop prospects and the methods of cultivation. But they must be up early in the morning, and they retire early, some to the hotels near by, and some take their blankets and go to the stables where their horses are and take a "shake down" upon the hay. Not many customers for the Brunswick or Vendome among them.

The wagons with their loads are left to the care of the few police and watchmen upon the street, and although any one might travel all about among them without seeing one of these guardians, he could scarcely get off the street without being seen by them. So well is this known that very few articles are ever reported as having been stolen from the wagons, even coats and whips being left there, and there are but very few attempts to steal.

With the earliest break of dawn the farmers are stirring, and so are their customers. The marketmen from inside the market, or from the "dump," or from other markets, are on hand to replenish their stock. With them words are few and decisive. A price is named and accepted or rejected very quickly, and seldom is it changed unless inspection of the row of wagons reveals an unexpected scarcity. Then there are the hucksters, who buy to sell again from their wagons in the city or the suburban towns. They are not as particular about the quality of the goods, but want to get a low price. Very few of them want an assortment, but if there is a glut in the market, it matters little upon what, be it cabbage or strawberries, they are ready to make an offer for a load and devote their time to selling it.

Again, there are hotel stewards and keepers of restaurants who purchase their day's supply, or more, if they like the quality and price. Some have wagons of their own, and bring empty boxes to exchange for those in which the farmer has packed his produce. Others send off their goods by the express wagons, while some near by employ the hand cart men who are waiting just below for such jobs. These men are not licensed or registered, and are not allowed to stand or solicit patronage within the market limits, but most of them are well known to those who employ them, and it is seldom that one of them fails to deliver the goods placed in his charge, or to return empty boxes for those taken away. It might be better that they should be registered and given numbered badges, but the selecting them and looking after them would be another burden upon the shoulders of the superintendent of the market, and the subject of more wrangling among the politicians of the various wards.

A fair number of wagons in June would be about seventy on South Market street, where they stand in five rows on the north or market side of the street. Four or five of these will be two-horse wagons, and the rest one-horse wagons. There may be an overflow of some ten more upon Commercial street. Later in the season, say after the 1st of August, when there are more vegetables to be brought in, not only will South Market street be packed to the limit allowed, but so also will Commercial, from Richmond street to the Custom House. Custom House square, Commerce and Clinton streets, and there may be three times as many teams then as now.

Seldom is there any quarrel or disagreement between buyer and seller. A bargain once made is usually strictly kept, no matter what the chances may be to do better before the goods are delivered. Still less frequent are quarrels among the farmers themselves. Any one thinking himself wronged or ill-used can make complaint to Supt. McKay, who usually decides it without appeal to the courts, and generally more to the satisfaction of both parties than the court would.

A few of the loads are sold out and the horses are sent for and wagons driven away before six o'clock, and perhaps a few others may come in after daylight, but they are well thinned out by nine o'clock, and at eleven the last is supposed to get away. The best of feeling seems to prevail between the farmers and the produce dealers in the market, though it might seem as if the former were enjoying, without rent or taxation, the privileges that the latter have to pay a high price for.—*American Cultivator.*

In raising live stock it is important to have some special object to accomplish, and breed accordingly. Too many farmers are governed by their own convenience, and to save themselves time and trouble use such sires as they may raise on their own farms without regard to the quality of the animals, or their relationship to the herd or flock in which they are used.

Horse Department.

At Garfield Park, Chicago, July 31, Brandolette, with Jockey Goodale in the saddle, broke the record for a mile and seventy yards, covering the distance in 1.45 flat.

Lamont by Redwood, who entered the 2.30 list this season has lately trotted one-half mile in 1.07¾ and the last quarter in 32½ seconds. Maine bred horses are coming this year.

The Cumberland County Agricultural Society Fair, Sept. 15, 16 and 17, will have many attractions. In the way of trotting the programme is as follows:

FIRST DAY, TUESDAY, SEPT. 15.
Purse $200—For 2.32 class.
Purse $150—Three minute class.
Purse $50—One year olds.

SECOND DAY, WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 16.
Purse $150—For 2.36 class.
Purse $200—For horses that have never beaten three minutes.
Purse $100—For four year olds.
Purse $75—For two year olds.

THIRD DAY, THURSDAY, SEPT. 17.
Purse $150—For 2.50 class.
Purse $100—Three year olds.
Purse $500—Open to all horses in the 2.27 class.

The following proverbs for colt handlers are from the Stockman: "Never tease your colt to make it fight you, for colts grow fast and do not forget. Never get mad and fight

Maine Farmer.

Augusta, Aug. 6, 1891.

TERMS OF THE MAINE FARMER.

$1.00 IN ADVANCE; OR $1.50 IF NOT PAID WITHIN ONE YEAR OF DATE OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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☞A subscriber desiring to change his post office direction, or to discontinue his paper, must communicate to us the name *of the office to which it has previously been sent*, otherwise we shall be unable to comply with his request.

☞Postage free to all subscribers.

Collectors' Notices.

MR. C. S. AYER is now calling upon our subscribers in Franklin county.

MR. J. W. KELLOGG is now calling upon our subscribers in Hancock county.

MR. I. C. LIBBY of Buxbam, is an authorized Agent of the *Farmer*.

We issue a supplement with this week's *Farmer*, containing the premium list of the Eastern State Fair at Bangor.

The State Fair officials have placed in the *Farmer* office one of their mammoth illustrated posters, one of the finest and most attractive ever put before the public. Surely they seem to be doing all that is possible to insure a successful exhibition.

Pres. Harrison has made the formal proclamation announcing the established reciprocal relations with San Domingo. The new schedule is announced to take effect Sept. 1, and is expected to secure a market of great value for American products.

Canada's International Exhibition is announced for Sept. 23 to Oct. 3 at St. John. Having had the pleasure of attending last year we can assure our readers that they will be well repaid for a trip to the city across the border. It will be a complete and novel exhibition with many attractions.

Mr. Owen, the general editor of the *Maine Farmer*, is taking his annual vacation and a much needed rest, at his charming retreat, "Camp Refuge," on the shores of the beautiful Cobbossec. Our readers will unite in wishing him a pleasant sojourn and a return to active labors refreshed and invigorated.

Central Maine is awake when a horse trot is announced. Fairfield is now having the biggest series of races on record, with 124 entries, and Augusta will open another next Wednesday, with over 90 entries. There's sport in the wind for those who enjoy trotting. Augusta track is in fine condition, new stables have been erected and fast time is promised.

The announcement is made that Chairman J. P. Bass, of the executive committee of the world's fair managers, has called a meeting of the committee at Portland next Monday and Tuesday, and has notified the committee representing New Hampshire to attend Tuesday forenoon to consider the erection of a building for the joint use of the two States at the Columbian Exposition. With a $40,000 appropriation its seems to the average mind that Maine might go it alone and receive undivided whatever measure of credit is her due.

The Supreme Court of New Hampshire has overruled the appeal of the counsel of Isaac Sawtell, and thus has closed the last avenue of escape for the murderer, and he must pay the penalty of his crime by death on the scaffold. While Sawtell has been waiting in prison under penalty of death, the State of New Hampshire has witnessed more brutal murders than any other State in the Union. The cause of the evil is deep seated and not to be removed by public or private executions.

The action of the manufacturers of agricultural implements in combining not to exhibit at any of the fairs this year will leave the way open for the local agents and State manufacturers to fill the space and reap a harvest. Surely there is no such opportunity for advertising as at one of the State fairs, and we hope the space made vacant by the absence of the big outside concerns will be more than filled by home producers. Now is the time and opportunity for the Maine shops and mills to show what they can do. With a clear field and a free wind they ought to go it strong for the big fairs.

Woman scores another point in the wild and woolly West, which seems determined to bid for her favor and patronage. The Supreme Court of Nebraska has decided that when a husband is physically unable to support his family, and his wife earns the money to pay the bills, she is the legal head of the family. This decision, every one will admit, is in accord with the equities and therefore promotive of the public good. Probably a howl of indignation will go up from some "lords of creation" because the rights granted them for centuries have been taken away, but the poor women who have been bearing heavy burdens will find cause for thankfulness when the Court of Maine confirms the decision of Nebraska.

The preparing of the premium awards at the State Fair has always been a matter of great annoyance and trouble to the reporters as well as the officers. Besides in the rush attending the work of making a full report, there is so much necessary that errors are very apt to creep in and cause trouble. At the late meeting of the trustees, Sec'y Twitchell urged the importance of providing for the copying of all awards by a single individual, whose duty it should be to prepare the copies and distribute to the press. This was voted by the officers and it is to be hoped there will be less cause for complaint than formerly. Surely the newspaper men will appreciate the act.

In some sections the Western farmers are said to be paying off their mortgage indebtedness very rapidly. More indebtedness of this kind was cancelled in June than in any previous month for years. The curtailment of eastern loans has compelled greater thrift and care, and the farmer finds himself better off as the result. The alliance movement helps the farmer in a roundabout and unlooked for way, but the chances are it is the chief permanent help he will get out of it. Thrift, economy and hard work are vastly better agents in the long run than cheap money and two per cent. government loans on potatoes and garden truck. The force of necessity is sometimes the only one men will recognise, and this observed will always bring results.

One hundred million dollars is the snug little sum the *New York Sun* estimates will be spent by Americans in Europe this summer, and good authorities think it is not excessive. We wonder how large a per cent. of these tourists can furnish the intelligent foreigner with any adequate idea of the industrial worth or magnitude of the United States. We may have no ancestral castles, no old-time cathedrals, but we have an amount of bustling activity that is making the Old World sore with envy. We have an almost limitless country to be developed and a wealth of comfort flowing in to the home of every laborer of which the European peasant can know nothing. If a small measure of these millions should be expended in studying the resources and capabilities of America, there wouldn't be as many dudes in the country, but there would be a better appreciation of brains.

For quick dispatch in killing the goose that lays the golden egg the people of Kansas easily beat the record. They have undertaken to practically repudiate their indebtedness, and capital has taken unto itself wings and fled the State. The public has lost confidence in it as a State, money is scare and it is almost impossible to borrow, while the money that has been in the market has been withdrawn. This is the inevitable result of the policy there. Kansas farmers betray an inconceivable freshness and simplicity if they have failed to discount the withdrawal of capital and with-holding of credit as the natural consequence of the efforts put forth to prevent the collection of debts. There's nothing like downright, square business dealings to maintain credit and preserve friendships. The pill is a bitter one but if it cures the fever of extravagance, and secures healthy, normal action in all parts, the State will soon recover and be the healthier for the dose.

Standards of Education.

That rapid changes in the standards of education are taking place, no one can question who is watching the drift of the times. That some of these are in the line of more practical and therefore more helpful work, there can be no question. At the same time, it is barely possible that the leaders will drift away into the realm of their fancies, and the masses fail to appreciate the new fields being opened for their special benefit. There is no question but teachers and educational leaders are quite as apt to lose themselves in the ruts of habit as any other class, and in the very rapid changes seen, the thought is suggested that they are but human after all, and therefore attracted as much by so-called "fads" as anybody. All this may be said without in the least detracting from the grand work they are everywhere doing. If true, it only indicates the importance of a healthy public sentiment upon all these questions, that any deviation from the right line may at once be detected and arrested. Teachers are placed at the head of schools not to think for the pupils, or direct for the parents, but to assist the scholars to a knowledge of those questions and principles most helpful in active business life; to aid in laying the foundations on which afterwards there may be builded a well established, intelligent life. One of the most promising signs of to-day, is to be read in the fact that methods and practices in education are being centred along those lines where the greatest measure of benefit may at once be secured to the pupil. The practical and theoretical often lie so near together that only by guarding closely can we avoid the danger of merging one in the other. In some of our schools for special instruction, we have seen the ill effects of this attempted combination. These were created for a particular purpose, but teachers following the drift of public thought, have sometimes let go of the fundamental, and emphasized the importance of subjects secondary to the prime object of the school. All this may be said without in any way criticising the intent or sincerity of instructors. It cannot be a simple matter to uphold the standard of an institution, and at the same time popularize what is unpopular, especially when the great mass of those sending pupils, are throwing their influence against what they insist shall be made prominent. Out of the discussion of the past, there has resulted a change, and on every hand our educational leaders are to-day urging the introduction of branches which only a few years ago were thought to be not worthy public attention. In the very able report of the Sup't. of Schools for 1891, we find the following, touching this subject, and in a manner which leaves no doubt as to the intent of the writer.

"There has been for years a conviction with intelligent and progressive agriculturists, that the public school was educating our youth away from the farm and towards the trades and professions. Whether this conviction be well grounded or not, it has within a year or two grown into a purpose to put into the schools something more or less directly tending to educate the farmer's boy toward the farm. In accordance with this purpose the State Grange at its last annual session took action looking to the securing of such immediate legislation as shall at least require teachers of public schools to fit themselves to give instruction in the elements of those natural sciences which are especially applicable to an intelligent agriculture. By such legislation, instruction in these sciences would assume equal rank and right in the schools with instruction in those now recognized by law which bear with equal directness upon other callings, as book-keeping for instance.

While there are objections to adding further to the already perhaps too numerous list of subjects of instruction recognized as having rights in the public schools, there are stronger arguments in favor of such action. Of these arguments there are two which seem to my mind especially strong.

First. There is need of instruction in some one or more branches of natural science to give balance and symmetry to the training which it is the primal end of all instruction to induce. It is quite as important to success in life, no matter what may be the future vocation of the pupil, that he should go out of the school trained to the power and the habit of carefully and accurately observing and investigating the things and forces of nature with which he is to be brought in daily contact, as that he shall be trained to right reasoning by mathematical study, to right feeling by the study of literature and history. Yet the work of the schools is wholly or largely wanting in instruction in subjects best suited to give the training and intelligence so desirable, while abounding in those affording training and intelligence in other directions.

Now it happens that just those sciences whose study would give this balance and symmetry to instruction and induce this needed training and intelligence, are those having close relations to agriculture. They deal with plant life and growth, with animal life and growth, with the elements contained in soils, and with that wonderful alchemy of nature by which light and heat and air work their seemingly mysterious changes in the form and substance of things. And these sciences, moreover, are those whose elements are most easily taught, because the things and phenomena to be studied are everywhere accessible."

Through the combined influence of all interested bodies, our State College has opened the door for the young people of Maine to pursue a shorter course which can be made of immediate practical benefit. It opens at Orono, this week, and the first term continues four months. This is to be pre-eminently a dairy school, with lectures by the best authorities in New England. Here is where the young men should be who are thinking of engaging in any feature of agricultural work; here is where the boys should be sent from our farms in order that such thoughts may be stimulated.

At the same time, it would be a good investment for the farmers of the State to attend some of these lectures, and see what is being attempted in the line of progress.

The corps of instructors cannot popularize this new departure; they may do all that is possible, but only by the hearty co-operation of the tillers of the soil can any measure of satisfaction be secured. The attendance of the boys must be gained, for it is for them that the course was established. We urge their presence, because of the great benefit sure to come to them and the State.

A point which has not been publicly urged, seems of importance. It is that the operators at our cheese and butter factories attend a portion at least, of this first course of lectures. They are the ones to be immediately benefitted, as in turn they may benefit others. Beyond these classes there is no doubt but if the merchants, especially those handling dairy products, would but take a day at Orono, they would find much to commend, and might render valuable assistance. It will require the united efforts of all who believe in this progressive work, in order that it's possible benefits may at once be made available, because of the fact that it runs contrary to the established policy prevailing in our schools and colleges.

A suggestion has been made that the friends of the institution arrange for an excursion after the fairs are over, whereby the farmers of the State may attend one day's session of the school, and see something of the methods prevailing in the college.

We trust this may be perfected. Whatever may be the verdict regarding the first course, it is surely in the line of advancement. There is but one path to pursue and that leads straight ahead. That, and that only, will insure to the citizens of the State the good results which will influence the coming generation to increase the flocks and herds, thus promoting the prosperity of the State and our State institutions.

Eastport and neighboring towns have never had so many summer visitors as in the present season. The largely increased steamboat communication may account for it in the past, but it is also evident that the tide of summer travel is steadily moving east, with each successive season.

The Railroad Commissioners reported yesterday on the Kittery Junction accident, blaming Engineer Roundy for carelessness in disregarding the rules and not using the proper precautions.

Bulletin No. 3.

MAINE STATE COLLEGE. The fall term of this institution opened Tuesday of this week. During the long vacation radical changes have been taking place. Wingate Hall, destroyed by fire is being rebuilt, the horticultural building fast nearing completion, is of wood, dimensions 30x30ft., and will cost about one thousand dollars when finished.

On the ground floor is the boiler and tool room, and a very pleasant office. The second floor containing a store room 12x14 feet, a photographing room 23x10 feet and a dark room 10x15 feet. A photographic apparatus of the best make and peculiarly adapted to the work of the department has been purchased and the farmers of the State will now be able to get accurate cuts of healthy and diseased vegetation, injurious insects and other pests with which they have to deal.

The new dairy building perhaps is attracting as much attention as any of the new work on the grounds.

The dairy work on such an extensive scale as it is to be taught is something distinctively new in this State and is exciting deserved interest among the people of the State. The structure for the use of this new department is of wood, being built by M. C. Foster & Sons of Waterville at a cost of $2800.

There will be every facility for practical and theoretical instruction in butter making, cheese making, and general dairywork.

Prof. James Cheesman formerly connected with Deerfoot Farm at Southborough, Mass., is to have general oversight of the practical work. Prof. Cheesman has devoted the greater part of his life to dairying and is thoroughly informed on the usages in this country and in England. He at one time traveled through Canada, giving instruction to the dairymen in new and perfected methods of cheese and butter manufacture.

The lectures on the "Care and Management of Boilers and Engines" are original with the State College, no other institution having introduced this very important item in their curriculum.

The recitations in German, Anglo-Saxon and general English literature will be to Prof. H. M. Estebrooke, who will also have the examination of themes and general direction of the literary exercises of the graduates under his care.

Mr. Estebrooke is a graduate of the class of '76 and since graduation has devoted himself to literary and scientific work. When called to fill his present position he was occupying the chair of Professor of General Sciences at Gorham Normal School. At the last commencement at Bowdoin the degree of Master of Arts was conferred upon Mr. Estebrooke.

The recitations in French will be made to Lieut. Hersey who will take this study in addition to the military exercises which come in his department.

Another department which is to be put into new hands is the work in physics. The practical and theoretical work in this department will be under the direction of Prof. James S. Stevens. Prof. Stevens is a graduate of Rochester University and received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from the University of Syracuse. Since graduation he has been connected with Cook Academy of Havanna, N. Y., and is thoroughly acquainted with his chosen work. His lectures during the coming term will be upon the laws of falling bodies, sound, hydrostatics, and heat, and will be accompanied by practical work in the physical laboratory.

Next term electricity will be taken up and quite an elaborate course will be laid out in this work, which is meeting with such universal demand.

A new instructor is also to be added to the department of chemistry. Mr. D. Wilder Colby of the class of '87 will fill this position.

After graduation Mr. Colby took a post graduate course at Cornell. He has since been connected with the experiment station at Burlington, Vt., and when called to his present position was engaged in assay and general analytical work in New York city. Mr. Colby is a thorough workman and an excellent instructor.

During the first part of the term from August 10th to September 15th, the Seniors in the course in Civil Engineering will be instructed in plane table surveying by Prof. Arthur G. Robbins of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Prof. Robbins is a graduate of the Institute, in the class of '86 and has been teaching at his alma mater since graduation. He is one of the best informed men in this work in the country and the students may expect a very thorough drill under him.

The establishing of the short course in agriculture should not be forgotten. This is to accommodate students who wish to make a specialty of agriculture but cannot spend the required four years. The applicants for the course will be admitted without a formal examination, and will not be required to pay tuition. On completing the course the students will be given a certificate stating the work they have done but no regular diploma.

Thus it will be seen that the college authorities have made every possible effort to satisfy the needs of the farmers, the chemists, the engineers, the electricians and those wishing to take up literary work, and they are now waiting to see how the young men of the State will show their appreciation by attending the institute.

BULLETIN NO. 3. It is to be hoped that our readers may give close attention to the important facts brought out in the Bulletins being issued by the State Board of Agriculture. When the farmers asked for an increase of salary so that the entire time of the secretary might be at the command of the State, they naturally expected additional services in return. These are already manifest. Secretary Gilbert is as fully alive to the interests of Maine as any man in the State, and because of long acquaintance, better prepared to meet the exigencies of the case. The bulletins already issued have attracted wide-spread attention, and been accepted by writers in and out of the State as authoritative statements. The third, which will be found in these columns, is full of interest, though the range of questions is not so extended as in former issues. As indicating the crop prospects of Maine at the present time, it is interesting reading, and may be accepted as authentic, because gathered from all sections of the State. It is a pleasure to note that the secretary of the Board has so complete a grasp of the practical questions of the hour, and is already meeting the calls and expectations of the progressive farmers of the State. Under his direction, giving his entire time, the Board will exert a far greater influence than ever, and the wisdom of the larger appropriation be fully vindicated.

The next campmeeting of the Union Campmeeting Association will be held in China, Sep. 2d to 16th. E. Gould of Hallowell, is the President, and all the arrangements are in the hands of a competent committee. Able ministers, evangelists and Christian workers will be present and share in the services. The association extends a cordial invitation to all. Come, and invite your friends to come with you. Rev. H. J. Pierson and wife, evangelists, from Boston; Rev. E. A. Gilden, Friendship; Rev. Alfred Jones, China; Rev. J. B. Leclair, Waterville; Rev. M. Brooks, Vassalboro; Rev. C. A. Laughton, Solon; Rev. E. Wixon, China; and others, will attend the campmeeting and assist in the services.

This year Co. D, 21st Maine Reg't. will hold a re-union at the residence of Mr. O. P. Robbins at Riverside, Sept. 15th. As years pass and the numbers decrease there should be the greater effort to attend. Mr. Robbins is pleasantly located on a good Vassalboro farm, and this means a great deal, and by skill and energy is finding the road to easy one. He has this year sold 33 bushels of raspberries and six bushels of strawberries.

The yearly product of the Maine paper mills is rising 30,000 tons, or 125 tons daily, and it is worth $5,000,000. There are eight of these mills and two of these are in Gardiner. Recently the Copsecook mill of that city turned out in one day 16 tons of book paper.

The 22d Maine Inf. will hold their annual reunion at Dexter, August 20th. All comrades are invited to be present and bring their wives.

Ben Hilton's ponies create great excitement among the little folks in North Anson. They are very cunning.

Bulletin No. 3.

The information in regard to the condition and prospects of the farm crops in this State, given in this Bulletin, was made up by the correspondents of this department on August 3, in response to the following questions:

1. What proportion of the hay crop has been harvested at date, Aug. 3?
2. Calling the crop of last year 100, what proportion, in quantity, will the present crop bear to that?
3. Actual cost or estimated cost per ton of harvesting the crop in your own case, and with others of whom you know?
4. Quality and condition of the hay harvested?
5. Condition and promise of grain? Oats, barley, wheat, beans, corn.
6. Present condition of potatoes, and promise of the crop?
7. What is the yield of the early crop?
8. How does dairying compare in extent of business with former years?
9. Prices of butter and cheese compared with 1890?
10. What is the prospect in regard to an increase of the business?

JULY.

The month of July is the great haying season over the principal part of the State, and on this account much interest with the farmers centers in the weather. The month passed off without special characteristics to distinguish it from the same season in other years. The quite sharp drouth prevailing at the opening of the month over the principal part of the State, was broken by a rainfall on the 4th. Showers occurred on the 5th, and frequent rains have fallen at that time up to date. These rains have been short, but sufficient in quantity for the needs of all growing crops. In fact the conditions of the weather throughout the month were, according to human judgment, just what the farm crops all around needed. As a result, they advanced rapidly throughout the month, and made good progress toward a harvest. This condition applied to all farm crops, without exception. In the extreme eastern part of the State the precipitation during the month was more frequent, and the rainfall heavier, in consequence of which the haying was delayed later than otherwise would have been the case.

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1. Better appliances for doing the work.
2. Farmers learning by experience year after year how to use these appliances to better advantage, thereby accomplishing the work in less time.

The greater portion of the hay over the principal part of the State was cut, cured and stored between July 8 and 22, or in two weeks working time.

GRAIN.

The season for grain has been remarkable, and from every section the same report is received, that the condition and promise was never better. Oats, barley and wheat wherever sown, have made strong, vigorous growth, with rugged stalks and heads are now filling with every indication of a full crop. Especially is this the case with the oat crop which promises to be very large all over the State.

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Kennebec County News.

Jonathan Nowell has resigned his position as overseer in the dye rooms of the Calboro Woolen Mills, and will retire from mill life. He has held the position more then forty years.

The local board of education at Waterville are busy looking over every one of the sixty-five school-houses in the city, painting, cleaning and carpenter work being the order of the day.

A little five year-old son of Mr. George Gardiner, while setting in a window out backward to the ground, a distance of 9 feet. No bones were broken by the fall, and although the child was evidently injured internally, he is considered out of danger.

R. M. Jones, L. L. D., of Philadelphia, with his family, are at Jackson's, South China. Mr. Jones is much interested in rowing and has some very fine boats. It is estimated that his sail boats, row boats, house, wharf and equipage cost $2000. Mr. Jones entertains his friends there. Mr. Ivory and Mr. Clark, his teachers from Philadelphia, and wives, among others.

The Edison Electric Light Company have a crew of about twenty men at work in Waterville, placing poles and stringing wires all over the streets. The work will be pushed with all possible speed. The power plant will start in with 118 lights, 59 more than are on the city streets at the present time, all to be owned by the city and the expense to be less than present rates.

A popular test vote of the question of owning the Gardiner & Randolph electric railway, under the charter of the last legislature, to extend its track through Waterville, with a result of 399 noes, and 379 yes, four out of six wards voting no. The defeat of the measure is perhaps due to overconfidence of the promoters of the scheme, as excitement ran high when the real strength of the opposition became known.

A detachment from the United States Survey, under charge of Colonel George S. Smith of Portland, arrived in Waterville, Monday. They have located a camp two miles below the city and already begun their work. Hard work will be necessary between Waterville and Carter's ledge, the course from there to Augusta will be comparatively easy. This decisive step on the part of the general government towards making Waterville the head of navigation on the Kennebec has given great joy to the business men of the virgin city.

Rufus K. Stuart, Esq., one of the prominent citizens of Belgrade, fell through a cuttle hole in his store, a distance of 8ft or nine feet, Tuesday morning. He is going to put an empty kerosene barrel in his cellar when he went to reach for something in a shelf, not thinking of the hole, and fell in. He was alone in the store at the time, but some one entering soon after found him lying there unconscious. He was immediately carried home and a doctor called. Though no bones were broken he was severly bruised and did not recover consciousness till afternoon. He is 76 years old. His age is 76.

Maine Agricultural News.

The following premiums were awarded by J. W. Drisko, in conformity with the programme of West Washington Agricultural Society, Class 13, for best system of farm improvements and general management. First, Warren Blance Bidwell, Columbia; second, E. F. Allen, Columbia Falls; third, W. H. Ingersoll, Columbia Falls, $5. For best experiments in feeding of growing steers for one year: first, T. S. Cook, Addison, $10; second, Warren Bidwell, Columbia, $6; third, Abram Smith, Columbia, $4.

Where does all the old hay come from? The Boston steamers take more or less from Richmond every trip, and still the supply holds out.

ACCIDENTS. An accident occurred on the line of Central railroad between Bath and Brunswick, Wednesday forenoon. As the train from Bath to Lewiston, in charge of Conductor Healey and Engineer Nutting, was going along at its usual speed near the new Meadows bridge, two men on a big gang of hay rashly ventured to cross the track at Purington's Crossing. The engineer warned them off, but they kept right on and—bang! the locomotive bunted right into the hay-rack, sending the newcomer hay in clouds into the air. The two men were Joseph Lemont of Brunswick, and his hired laborer, John Frost of Princeton. Frost was fearfully hurt about the head and elsewhere and was taken to the Maine General Hospital at Portland. Lemont escaped with but one seriously. The force of the collision broke the flag-staff of the locomotive and it whizzed through the cab window close to the engineer's head. And of the hay-rack nothing was gathered up but a few basketfuls. Mr. Samuel M. Libby of Bangor, the owner, met with an unfortunate accident, Wednesday. He was carrying some beef to a store in Pickering square, when he tripped and fell heavily against the side of the building, breaking both bones in the left arm.——Eddie, son of E. P. Chase of Jackson, while mowing with his father one day last week, fainted in the act of cutting his scythe, and fell across his wrist cut a severe and dangerous wound.——Mrs. Fred C. Penson, of Belfast was thrown from a carriage last week, and injured about the head. She was getting out of Capt. R. H. Dumbs' carriage, on Northport avenue, the captain being out and holding the reins. He then a horse dashed down the avenue, which started up Capt. Coombs' horse, and the captain was thrown down and Mrs. Skidelon thrown out. The captain was not hurt.——The collar bone of Charles Dunmore, an employé in the Bowdoinham saw-mill, was broken last week by getting jammed between the door-post and the team backing in for lumber.——Mr. Jerry York of Cornville, was kicked by a horse recently and since it has been found necessary to amputate the leg at the thigh. The operation was performed by Dr. Mayo, assisted at Skowhegan Falls, Friday morning.——His age was 21 years.——While pitching off a load of hay a few days ago, Simon Brown, of Harmony, stuck a fork into his arm, making a very painful wound.——Fred Ames of Boston, while working on Crotch Island, got caught by a stone, Wednesday morning and was beheaded.

The Dirigo Business College has just issued a souvenir edition of its annual catalogue from the press of the *Farmer*. It is a model of typographical work. The cover is of blue and gold, and the book contains a beautiful half tone engravings of prominent buildings and plates of interest, portraits of officers, pictures of photographic apparatus, etc., etc. It is sold at ten cents per copy, but will be sent free to any young lady or gentleman from sixteen to twenty-five years of age, or to any parent or guardian who has children interested in a practical education. Write to the Principal, Prof. R. B. Capen of this city, and get it.

A BOOM FOR PITTSFIELD. A move has recently been made in Pittsfield which will tend to its material prosperity more than any other enterprise that has been developed in the last ten years.

A stock company has been formed to utilize the water power at Douglas Ledges, about one-half mile above the Robert Dodge & Co.'s dam. T. A. Risher, of Pishon's Ferry, a practical dam builder, has been engaged to build a dam at the above named place and work has already begun. A. P. Wood, Master and James F. Connor were in Bangor, Wednesday, to contract for lumber. The dam will be 365 feet in length, 10 feet high and 20 feet broad at base, and will require 100,000 feet of dimension hemlock and 12 inches. A water works and electric light company has been formed, whose works will be placed on this dam early next spring, and stock is being raised for a large woolen mill (to be built of brick) on the same privileges. Parties now stand ready to take $30,000 of the stock in this new enterprise. We predict that within eighteen months a mill will be in operation on the dam, and within five years two more mills will be erected on the same dam of ten set each.

This being the case Pittsfield will surely double her population in the next ten years.

"Oh, if I had only taken this medicine earlier in life, what years of suffering it would have saved me!" was the touching remark of one who was cured of rheumatism by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Scores of such cases are on record.

The Brunswick Telegraph learns that Rev. W. P. Fisher, formerly of this State, but now was arrested at Minneapolis some time ago for alleged forgery in Fargo, North Dakota, was the victim of malicious prosecution. The charge of forgery has been dismissed.

The Bryant & Stratton Commercial School of Boston, which our readers will notice advertised in this week's issue, will open Tuesday, Sept. 1. This school needs no recommendation from us, as its present standing and reputation. gained during the last 20 years, places it at the head of all schools of a similar character. It can be patronized with full confidence that nothing that is possible to be done for the pupils will be left undone.

W. H. Harding, a Houlton cooper, at work for F. O. Robinson, of Blaine, thinks that he has established a record, having made 9 starch barrels in fifteen days, doing the work himself.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate
Relieves the Feeling of Lassitude
common in mid-summer, and imparts vitality.

Hops and malt for making domestic beers can be found at Partridge's Drug Store on Water St., Augusta.

Items of Maine News.

J. E. Littlehale & Co., lumber dealers, North Paris, have gone into insolvency.

The pay-rolls of the two shoe factories at Richmond amount to about $1,800 per week.

The figures show an increase of taxable property of Bangor, over that of last year of $240,860.

Fred C. Russell of Lovell Corner has been elected superintendent of the Rockland schools.

William D. Brick, a well known Rockland merchant, died Thursday, of apoplexy, aged 64.

A valuable cow belonging to C. J. Cheney of Dresden Mills, was killed by lightning last week.

The raspberry crop is very plentiful this year and Northern Aroostook will send quantities to the jam factories.

Mrs. Myra Douglass of Livermore Falls lost a $60 gold watch, a $7 gold ring and some clothing by an unknown thief, Wednesday.

At a town meeting held in Phippsburg, it was voted not to build the Atkins Bay bridge, and the matter will probably go before the courts.

Lightning struck Dr. Luce's house in Caribou during Wednesday's shower, and slightly damaged it. The day before, Mrs. Luce and a lady friend were thrown from a carriage and slightly injured. The vehicle was badly smashed.

Shipped from Houlton station, over the Canadian Pacific Railway for the week ending July 25, the following carloads of freight: Ext. hem. bark 2, hay 15, miscellaneous 5, leather 3, shingles 6, lumber 3, laths 1. Total 35 cars.

Kelley, Spear & Co., of Bath have closed a contract with Capt. Jacobs of New Jersey, to build them a three masted coaster of over four hundreds tons. The New England Company has also several contracts in view.

During the heavy thunder shower about noon July 15th, George McDaniels house in East Cornville, was struck by lightning, tearing off the gutter and some shingles; it also struck two trees in front of the house.

Deer are becoming quite numerous in West's Mills, and are remarkably tame. Philip S. Fish recently saw two and got quite near them before they took freight. About the same time George F. Lovejoy saw one in a piece of woods quite near his home.

Mr. Asa Snell of Bowdoin dropped dead last week, at the house of Mr. Thomas Whitney, while making some garden. Heart trouble was probably the cause. Mr. Snell was 76 years old and had always had good health. He leaves a widow and two grown up daughters.

F. H. Low has been elected treasurer of the Bath Savings Institution. Mr. Low was employed by the Knox & Lincoln railway as treasurer for some years, and has lately accepted the same position for the Eastern Construction Company. William J. Shaw was elected assistant treasurer.

Monday afternoon of last week, George Harlow, a young man of South Robbinston, committed suicide by shooting himself through the breast with a shotgun. He had had a quarrel with his father over haying, and had left the house in anger. He went but a short distance from the house, and the family heard the report, but the body was not found till Tuesday.

The steamer City of Richmond was struck by lightning during a heavy shower the other evening. The steamer was bound Frenchman's Bay, when a bolt of lightning came down the foremast and passed off on a guy into the sea. No damage was done to the steamer. Captain Dennison and Pilot Bryant were slightly dazed, and the look-out near the wheelhouse was considerably shook up. It was a narrow escape from a calamity.

Capt. Archalus F. Harding, of the schooner Norombega, which was loaded with lumber at Hincks' wharf, Bangor, and was all ready to sail Thursday morning for New York, experienced a paralytic shock, Wednesday afternoon, and a physician was at once summoned. His wife was with him at the time. In spite of all efforts he passed away Thursday morning. Capt. Harding's home was in Orrington. He leaves a wife to mourn his loss. He was forty-five years.

Items of General News.

Mr. William Cassum, who has secured 375 students for the foreign mission field during the year, sails for China in October.

James Gordon Bennett, proprietor of the New York *Herald*, has been indicted by the grand jury for publishing an account of the recent electrocutions at Sing Sing.

Collector Joel B. Erhardt of New York has tendered his resignation as collector of the port of New York, to take effect Aug. 10.

At the meeting of the Republican National Committee in Washington, on Wednesday, M. S. Quay and W. W. Dudley, resigned their places on the Committee. Mr. Clarkson was chosen chairman.

The President has made a proclamation, that after Sept. 1st, Cuba will open her doors wide, and let our goods pass in, we, in turn, receiving coffee, molasses, sugar, etc.

A fatal poisoning occurred last week, at the State farm, just over the line in Bridgewater, Mass., which the officers of the institution have kept very quiet. It seems that wood alcohol is used in the paint shop of their chair manufacturing department and several of the workmen have been drinking it on the sly. As a result it is stated that one man died in terrible agony, Tuesday another on Wednesday and a third now lies at the hospital in a critical condition.

Ezra Comfort and family have arrived at Delphi, Kansas, from Topolobampo, having hurried to escape the tropic fever. The 18-year-old son of Mr. Comfort was striken before starting and died an hour after reaching there. A second son will follow the colony. They went out in April, and report much suffering there. The thermometer has been at 150° for two months, and it is almost impossible to obtain good water. Many have died.

It out that when Edward Booth's departure from Buttermilk Bay, Mass., that the noted tragedian is smoking himself to death. Edwin Booth is a constant user of tobacco. He is forever smoking. This habit has apparently affected his health and threatens to end his career as abruptly but certainly not in the same way as it shut out the life of General Grant. He sought Buttermilk Bay for his health. He goes because no perceptible improvement has come to him. He cannot expect permanent relief while he persists in using tobacco. He refuses to pay the slightest heed to the warnings of his closest friends.

A special to the *Herald* from Chicago says: J. L. Bush came here about three months ago and opened an office as accredited agent of the Co-operative Building Bank of New York. Bush flooded the foreign quarters of the city with alluring advertisements, promising that any one seeker without a cent of capital, all business being done strictly on the instalment plan. His victims came by scores and parted with all their savings in exchange for worthless certificates of stock in his bank. The swindle only recently became known. Not a single loan was made to depositors. It is estimated that Bush took nearly $7,000 with him when he left this city eight days ago. When he started he said he was going to New York to get the loans. The victims intend to prosecute the officers of the bank.

At about 10 o'clock, Friday morning, passenger train No. 4 on the Bellaire, Zanesville & Cincinnati narrow gauge railroad left the track three miles south of Bellaire, Ohio, two cars being overturned and dragged some distance by the engine. There were 70 passengers on the train and the two cars which turned over into the ditch were crowded with well-known people of that section. When they left the track, some one cried out that everybody should cling to their seats, but the shock was so awful that many were hurled from one side to the other, and though not badly injured were terribly shaken up. When all were finally taken out the car was a wreck, was found that 14 people had been injured, four of them seriously and one fatally. The train was running, at the least calculation, at the rate of 35 miles an hour, and, as it reached a curve, the cars were noticed to sway violently. Unheeding cries for the passengers to keep their seats, some made a rush for the doors. Many of the frightened passengers had reached the platform when the cars jumped the rails and when they turned over in another moment they were hurled into the ditch in an indiscriminate mass of men, women and children. The latter shrieking fearfully as they went down. John Morris, baggage master, was hurt internally, badly bruised and will probably die. In addition, there were many badly bruised, but all are reported to be in a fair way of recovery with this exception.

A VETERAN RANGELEY HUNTER. J. G. Rich, Esq., pension agent at Bethel, has received an invitation from friends in Rangeley, to spend the month of August at Billy Soule's Camp on Pleasant Island, with the freedom of the Lake steamers and hotels, with passes on the railroad from Bethel and return, which he proposes to accept. Mr. Rich is one of the oldest hunters of Rangeley. Billy Soule's father was one of the old hunters of the Rangeleys at the time Mr. Rich hunted in that country. All the old hunters are laid under the sod except Mr. Rich, who has killed over 50 moose, 73 bears, about 400 Canada lynx, several hundred deer and other game in proportion. It is a proper courtesy to invite the old hunter to look over his old hunting ground once more.

When you're languid and dull in the spring of the year,
When stomach and liver are all out of gear,
When you're stupid at morn and feverish at night,
And nothing gives relish and nothing goes right,
Don't try any nostrum, elixir, or pill,—
"Golden Medical Discovery" just fills the bill.
The surest and best of all remedies for all disorders of the liver, stomach and blood, is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

Insures Perfection

IN EVERY Receipt that calls for baking powder, use the "Royal." Better results will be obtained because it is the purest. It will make the food lighter, sweeter, of finer flavor, more digestible and wholesome. It is always reliable and uniform in its work.

"I regard the Royal Baking Powder as the best manufactured. Since its introduction into my kitchen I have used no other.
"MARION HARLAND.'

Latest Horse Notes.

—Hon. George D. Bisbee, Buckfield, having failed to secure Mr. Thomas Marsh as trainer and driver, has now sent his Almont stallion McCusick to Rochester, to be trained by him. Mr. Marsh is without doubt one of the best and most reliable trainers and drivers in the country, and under his care this horse should make a low record this year. With Mr. Bisbee's other stock, he will be seen at Lewiston, as his owner is one of the loyal members of the Maine State Fair.

—It is claimed by those who saw the race, that Mountaineer could have made his record of 2.20 the day he made his record of 2.23. There is a candidate for the free-for-all at the Maine State Fairs.

A heavy season in the stud will prevent some of our fastest ones from being trained for speed this year. Among these are the roan stallion Elmbrook, and the son of Alcantara, Bayard Wilkes. Both of these are very fast, and they will be well represented by their colts. The prophecy of the *Farmer*, made three years ago, that Bayard Wilkes would prove one of the best trotting sires in Maine, bids fair to be realized, and that, too, without waiting for the horse to be very old. Some of his colts are coming very fast this season.

—Every race advertised contains in full type, the clause, "No conditional entries." Will some one rise to explain whether this is simply bluff, or is there a nut up to squarely? If not, then the public are being humbugged. Who will answer?

—Caribou horsemen are preparing for races at the Caribou Trotting Park, Tuesday afternoon, August 18th. There will be a 2.50 class, 2.40 class, and a free-for-all, trotters or pacers.

—Allerton, the brother of Axtell, was sent to beat his record of 2.13, at Independence, Iowa, last week. The first half against the wind took 1.08½, but he increased his speed in the last half and passed under the wire in 2.13½.

—Trotting at Haverhill, Mass., July 30:

2.37 CLASS—PURSE $300.

A il Dore, Taunton, b g Tarragon	1	1	1
Charles Haley, Augusta, Me., ch g Walter D	2	4	5
A Johnson, Brockton, b g Edward H	3	2	4
M J Stone, Manchester, N. H., b g Sylvester	4	3	2
Maud M, b m	5	5	3
E E Cogswell, Hartford, b s Arago	6	6	6
H Pope, Providence, R. I., b s King Charles	7	7	7

Time—2.33¼, 2.31½, 2.33, 2.33½.

A large number of prominent horsemen were present the last day from all parts of the State.

The Markets.

Report of Union Stock Market.

[Specially Reported for the Maine Farmer.]

LIVE STOCK YARDS, Aug. 4, 1891.

Names of Drovers.	Horses.	Cattle.	Sheep.	Veals.
AT WATERTOWN.				
S. H. Wardwell,	20	19		29
J. J. Walker,	22			
P. P. Pulsifer & Co.,	14			23
AT BRIGHTON.				
Gilnes & Weston,	25			8
I. C. Libby,	37	75		60

THE AGGREGATE OF LIVE STOCK AT BRIGHTON AND WATERTOWN YARDS.

Cattle, 2,637; sheep, 15,614; hogs, 23,759; veals, 1,699; horses, 494.

MAINE STOCK AT MARKET.

Cattle, 116; sheep, 94; veals, 128; horses, 74.

CATTLE FOR OLD ENGLAND.

The number of cattle shipped from Boston during the past week, was 2,082 head. The market at Liverpool has declined ½c., with quotations at 11½@12c., dressed weight, not including the offal.

POSITION OF THE BUSINESS.

Not any improvement in values on cattle for beef. The demand continues light. Best cattle fairly firm; common cattle quite cheap; country lots quite dull. Sales mostly at 4@7c., dressed weight except something fancy at 7¼@7½c. A fair number of finish Western cattle put upon the market, and find sale at 3¼@4¼c., live weight.

Sheep and lambs arrive freely from the West, and Northern flocks are beginning to increase; near 500 head of Canada lambs sold this week. Price 6¾c. for 65 lb. lambs, which is about 4c. lower than last week for corresponding grades.

Fat Hogs.—Market is in a flourishing condition. Prices considered firm and it takes a good many to satisfy the demand of butchers. Western live are costing 5@5¾c., including fancy grades; country dressed lots at 6¾c.; no end to Western arrivals.

Milch Cows.—The wants of the market seem limited. Buyers appear scarce, and speculators are buying lightly; sales are mostly from $25 up to $55 per head; $60 was obtained for one of Maine's best last week.

Veal Calves.—Butchers are anxious for the good lots well fatted, and prices seem to be generally satisfactory, 5½@6c. were prices paid for a good many calves offered this week, but there were fancy calves at 6¼@6¾c. Drinkers at 2½@3c.

Live Poultry.—3¼ tons have been received within the week; by Eastern steamers 5000 lbs., and on coastwise trains 1500 lbs. For mixed lots 10@11c. is paid; chickens have dropped to 15c. and will soon all be lumped together at 10@12c.

Horse Market.—Trade has dropped off within the past month; sales slow and prices are easier on old grades. Heavy draft of 1300@1700 lbs. at $160@250; drivers at $100@$275.

REMARKS.

The live stock yards at Watertown are being completely repaired for the reception of live stock this fall. The yards have been in a bad way for a long time. The mud has been removed and the yards filled with coarse gravel and graded so that the water will not stand in the yards. The sewerage is now in a perfect condition. The cow barn repaired and a new plank flooring. The fences, gates and everything put in good shape, also the hotel renovated and the painting going on inside and out. It looks as if Mr. Sise, the owner, meant to do business at these yards. We are on the lookout for Canada lambs and some have put in an appearance this week. The markets will begin to show some activity. Just a few more Maine cattle are wanted last week, to be followed by a supply from this source as has been the case previously, years before. We look to Maine for her share of all kinds of live stock, as should properly come from so large a territory. Fat hogs are now the prize stock and there is a good paying profit to the raiser. The country lots dressed weight command 6¾c, per lb.

Items and Incidents.

"There," said the farmer as he waved his hand over the corn-fields, "is my stalk in trade."

"Just as Good,"

Say some dealers who try to sell a substitute preparation when a customer calls for Hood's Sarsaparilla. Do not allow any such false statements as this induce you to buy what you do not want. Remember that the only reason for making it is that a few cents more profit will be made on the substitute. Insist upon having the best medicine—Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is Peculiar to Itself.

Railroad men say there is danger of a coal famine in the West this winter, on account of lack of cars.

The distention of the stomach which many people feel after eating, may be due to improper mastication of the food; but, in most cases, it indicates a weakness of the digestive organs, the best remedy for which is one of Ayer's Pills, to be taken after dinner.

Ladies do not like to grow old, and yet they're the very first to adopt new wrinkles.

It is a great misfortune for the young and middle aged to be gray. To overcome this and appear young, use Hall's Hair Renewer a reliable panacea.

It is not surprising that a sluggish movement in the flour market is occasionally reported. The article has often been known to loaf.

The action of Carter's Little Liver Pills is pleasant, mild and natural. They gently stimulate the liver, and regulate the bowels. They are sure to please. Try them.

A recent railroad accident is attributed to the striking of a frog by the engine. Such a blunder could have been caused only by a bull frog.

Jamaica Ginger is nowhere, beside Johnson's Anodyne Liniment for all summer troubles.

"Just think how horrid we should look if we went without bustles!" the ladies used to say about a year ago. Now every mother's daughter of them would as soon wear a human hair pad as a bustle.

For Over Fifty Years

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain; cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world.

Boston Market.

TUESDAY, July 28.

FLOUR AND MEAL. The demand for flour is quite good and prices are firm. We quote fine, superfine and common extras at $3 00@4 00; extras and seconds at $4 00@4 60; Minnesota bakers, clears and straights, at $4 85@5 60; winter wheat, clears and straights, at $4 50@5 50; winter wheat patents at $5 25@5 75, and spring wheat patents at $5 50@6 00 per bbl. These quotations include jobbers and millers' prices. Rye flour is quiet at $5 00@6 per bbl. Oat meal is steady, sales of fine at $5 75, and cut at $6 00@6 40 per bbl. There is a steady market for corn meal. Sales of bag meal at $1 40@1 42, and barrel meal sells at $2 95@3 00 for choice to kiln-dried. Granulated meal sells at $3 80@3 90 per bbl.

GRAIN. The demand for corn was moderate and prices are rather easier. Steamer at Richmond is quoted at 74c and steamer mixed at 76@76½c. per bushel. Sales of No. 2 yellow was offered at 74½@75c No. 3 yellow at 74c, and No. corn at 72½@73c per bushel. The trade in oats was moderate, with sales of No. 2 white at 47c, and No. 3 at 46c. Rejected and mixed are in fair supply and quiet at 45c. Sales of No. 2 clipped on the spot at 50@51c, and No. 1 are quoted 52@53c, with fancy higher. No. 2 white on track are worth about 45c, and No. 3 white 47c per bushel. For shipment, new Chicago No. 2 white are offered at 39½c; No. 1 clipped at 40@40¾c, and No 2 clipped at 40c per bushel.

MILLFEED. The market is quiet. Sack spring bran sells at @16 50 @17 and sack winter bran at @17 50 @ 17 75. Middlings range from $20 @ 25. Cotton seed meal, to arrive, is offered at $27 25 per ton. Canada bran sells slowly at $20 50 per ton.

PROVISION AND PRODUCE. More activity and a stronger tone have been developed in the market for fine grades of butter. Current prices Yesterday were half a cent higher on fine creamery than last week, but the advance was not freely paid on anything but fresh made stock. Western creamery in hard wood packages brought 18@18¾ cents, and in soft wood 18¼@19 cents per pound. For lots of the latter to arrive this week 19¼ cents was asked, and one or two parties said they sold at that price. Northern was firmly held at 20@20¾ cents, and a few sales were reported at the inside figure. Receivers of Northern creamery are indifferent about getting fresh arrivals under 21 cents. Perhaps close selling quotations should be given at over 18@19 cents for Western and 19¼@20 cents for Northern, with an upward tendency. For creamery, next to the finest, 17@17½ cents has been paid, and offerings fairly sold up.

No improvement can be reported in the cheese market. Sales of Northern extra at 8@8¼ cents and Western at 7@7¾ cents per pound.

Fresh eggs have been in demand and Eastern sold readily at 20 cents. Prince Edward Island at 19@19¼ cents, extra Western at 18½@19½ cents and ordinary Western at 17@18 cents. Near-by lots sold at 22@24 cents. Strictly fresh eggs are becoming quite scarce.

Beans have ruled quiet, with very little change in prices. Choice large pea and medium sold mostly at $2 30@2 35 per bushel, with small pea at a higher range. Improved yellow eyes have been easy at $2 75@$2 85 per bushel.

Potatoes in large supply and rule at $1 62@$1 75 per barrel. All kinds of vegetables are plentiful and low.

HAY. Hay has been quiet but steady at $17@18 for choice and $14@16 for fair to good. Some fancy cars command $19 per ton. Rye straw continues dull at $14@16 per ton.

New York Money Market.

NEW YORK, Aug. 4.

United States Bonds, New 4s, (reg.),		116¾
" " "	(coup.)	116¾
" " New 4½s (reg.)		100¾
" " "	(coup.)	100¾
" " Pacific 1sts.		105

Tapley's "Bread Winner" outwears all others shoes.

Augusta City Market.

(CORRECTED WEEKLY FOR THE MAINE FARMER.)

WEDNESDAY, Aug. 5.

APPLES—New, 2 50. per bbl.
BEANS—Pea beans 2 50; Yellow Eyes $2 50@2 75.
BUTTER—Ball Butter 18c. Creamery, 20@23c.
CHEESE—Factory and domestic new 10@11c.
COTTON SEED MEAL—$1 40 per cwt.
EGGS—Fresh, 18@19c per dozen.
FLOUR—St. Louis $6 00@6 25; Patent 6 50@7 00.
GRAIN—Corn 90c; oats 70c; barley 85c; Rye $1 00.
HAY—Loose $10@12; pressed $14@17.
STRAW—$7 75@8.
HIDES AND SKINS—Cow hides, 5c, dividing on 90 lbs.; ox hides, 6c; bulls and stags, 3@3½c.
LIME AND CEMENT—Lime $1 10 per cask; cement $1 75.
LARD—Tierce 6¾c; in tins, 7@7¼c.
MEAL—Corn 88c; rye 90@1 00.
SHORTS—$1 40@1 50 per hundred.
PROVISIONS—Clear salt pork 7@8c; beef per side 8¼@9c; ham 10@11c; fowls, 13@14; spring chicks, 18@20c; mutton 9@10c; spring lambs 10@12c; veals 7@8c; turkeys, 15@18c; round hog 5½@6c.
PRODUCE—New potatoes, 50 cents per bushel; cabbages $1.50 per hundred; beets, 60c per bu.; turnips, 60c per bu.

Portland Market.

WEDNESDAY, Aug. 5.

APPLES—Eating, $3 50@4 00 per barrel; cooking, $3.50; evaporated, 14@16c per lb.
BUTTER—17@18 for choice family; creamery, 20@21c.
BEANS—Pea, $2 75@3 85; Yellow Eyes, $3 00@3 25.
CHEESE—Maine and Vermont Factory, 9¼@10¼c; N. Y. Factory, 9¼@10¼c.
FLOUR—Superfine, $4 50@$4 75; Spring X and XX, $5 00@5 15; Roller Michigan, $5 25@5 50; St. Louis Winter Patents, $5 75@6 00.
FISH—Cod Shore, $5 75@6 00; Scaled herring per box, 18@22c; Mackerel, shore, extra, $22 00@24 00.
GRAIN—Corn, bag lots, 79@80; oats, 55@58; cotton seed, car lots, $27 50@28 00; cotton seed, bag lots, $28 00@29 00; sacked bran, car lots, $19 00@20 00; sacked bran, bag lots, $20 00@22 00; middlings, car lots, $24 00@28 00; middlings, bag lots, $28 00@29 00.
LARD—Per tierce, 6¾@7¾c per lb; per tub, 6¾@7¾c; pail, 6¾@10¾c.
PROVISIONS—Fowl, 15@17c; spring chickens, 28@30c; turkeys, 00@00c; eggs, 19@20c; new potatoes per bbl., $1 75@2 00; extra beef, $10 00@10 50; pork backs, $16 50@16 50; clear, $15 00@15 50; hams, 10½@11c; covered, 11½@12½c.

Bangor Produce Market.

WEDNESDAY, Aug. 5.

APPLES—$0 00@0 00 per bbl.
BEANS—Yellow Eyes, $2 40@2 50 per bush.; hand picked Pea, $2 55@2 75.
BUTTER—Best, 17@18c per lb.; fair to good, 15@16c.
EGGS—18c per doz.
CHEESE—Best factory, per lb., (new) 10½@11c; best dairy, per lb., (new) 11@12c.
GRAIN—Oats, prime country, 60c per bush.
HAY—$9@10 per ton; best bales, $11@12.
CORN—83c; meal, 77c.
POTATOES—Best quality per bushel, 65@70c.
PROVISIONS—Pork, round hog, per lb., 5½@6c. Chickens, 25@28c; Fowl per lb., 13@14c; Turkeys, 00@00c.

Chicago Live Stock Market.

TUESDAY, Aug. 4.

CATTLE—Receipts 7000; shipments 4000; steady; to strong no prime steers on sale; good to choice $5@5 75; medium and common $3 50@4 75; Texans, 2 25@3 60; stockers $2 80@3 10; cows, $2 50@3 50.
HOGS—Receipts 13,000; shipments 7,000; active and steady; rough and common, 4 50@5 15; mixed and packers, 5 20@5 45; prime, heavy and butchers' weights, 5 50@5 70; light, 5 50@5 90.
SHEEP—Receipts 6,000; shipments 2,500; market steady; native ewes, $3 50@4 65; mixed and wethers, 4 70@5 25; Texans, 4 40@4 60; lambs, 3 75@5 75.

Very little wheat is being sent eastward from Kansas. The Alliance leaders attribute this to the circular sent out from Washington advising the farmers to hold their grain.

MAINE RELIGIOUS NEWS. The Empire Grove campmeeting at East Poland commences August 13, and closes August 24. This beautiful encampment, consisting of over fifty cottages and a large number of society and family tents, is now occupied by a large number of families.——The Christian Endeavor State Convention will be held in the Congregational church, Saco, on Wednesday and Thursday, August 26 and 27.——Four persons were baptized at the Episcopal church, Dexter, Sunday, and fourteen at the Methodist church in the same town; also three at the Methodist church at Ripley.——The ordination of Mr. George H. Credeford will occur at Wilton the 18th of August. Rev. Smith Baker of Minneapolis, Minn., will preach the ordination sermon.——Rev. F. Grosvenor of the Methodist church, Berwick, baptised fourteen converts, July 5th, and 10 more, two weeks later.——Six members were received in full and three baptised at the Methodist church, Brooksville, Sunday, July 12.

Wide-awake, progressive young men wanting farms will do well to read the advertisement in this week's *Farmer* of those for sale in Farmingdale and Augusta. They will bear inspection and the prices are extremely low. Here is a good chance for building up a successful fruit, dairy or milk farm and finding profit in the enterprise.

It is estimated that half the ice harvested last winter on the Kennebec has been shipped.

A SUMMER INSTITUTE. A summer farmers' institute for Cumberland county is being arranged to be held at Scarboro, Thursday, August 20. Prof. G. H. Whitcher of New Hampshire Agricultural college has been engaged for a lecture and N. J. Bachelder, Secretary of the N. H. Board of Agriculture and C. H. McDaniels, Master of the State Grange of that State have been invited to be present and take part in the exercises. Other speakers from our own State will also be present at the meeting. The full programme will be announced later.

Boarders in a Cincinnati hotel, whose drinking water was unaccountably seasoned with soap, complained to the proprietor after several of their number had been made sick by the horrid taste. He began an investigation, but it revealed nothing until somebody suggested that he look in the water tank on the roof. There he found the cause of all the trouble. It was a pound of soap that a boarder, who left in a huff, had thrown there to "get even" with the house.

Rev. F. W. Farr, whose resignation of the Baptist pastorate in Milford, Mass., has been announced, will become superintendent of the Missionary Training College in New York, in which institution he will also fill a professorship in various branches. He has also been chosen assistant editor of the Christian Alliance, a publication devoted to the interests of that work.

Married.

In Appleton, July 21, Walter E. Gushee to Helen M. Hatch, both of Appleton.
In Bath, July 25, H. Harrington to Jerusha M. Oliver.
In Biddeford, July 17, Chas. H. Randall of Buckfield to Minnie M. Bumpus of Hebron.
In Biddeford, July 16, Charles M. Adams of New York to Mrs. Nellie Savage of Biddeford; July 29, Eugene Clark of Manchester to Julia Mahoney of Biddeford.
In Bar Harbor, July 18, Melvin Leighton of Cherryfield to Cora L. Anderson of Surry.
In Bangor, July 20, James D. Foss to Addie Saunders, both of Bangor; July 25, Geo. A. Sprague to Myrtle L. Tozier, both of Bangor; July 29, John W. Foren to Annie N. Munn, both of Miramichi, N. B.; July 29, Harry A. Brown, to Jennie M. Munn, both of Miramichi, N. B.
In Cherryfield, July 11, Lester Foss to Alice Small, both of Millbridge.
In Camden, July 27, Orris A. Harkness of Camden, to Anna E. Fernald of Lincolnville.
In Canton, July 18, Willie A. Larcom to Fannie B. Richardson.
At Clark's Island, July 25, Marion E. Crouse to Nellie E. Marshall.
In Castine, July 14, Ferdinand Clifford of Belfast, to Addie Mowry of Castine.
In Charlestown, Mass., July 15, Fred A. Norton to Oleata Belle Kershner of Farmington.
In Dresden Mills, July 22, Harry W. Culley to Ida M. Hassen, both of Dresden.
In Ellsworth, July 25, John A. Gunn of Chelsea, Mass., to Hannah A. Dunn of Ellsworth; July 27, Allen S. Kingsley of Gouldsboro, to Mary S. Foster of Ellsworth.
In Edgecomb, July 14, Gilman Burnham to Mrs. Emeline Reed.
In East Steuben, July 11, Charles F. Atwater to Ruth Delaker, both of Columbia Falls.
In Ellsworth, July 25, Rev. H. L. Crockett of Augusta, to Abbie Lord of Ellsworth.
In Milo, July 21, Josiah F. Davis, Jr., to Mrs. Emma H. Holbrook; July 24, John W. Ramsdell to Minnie D. Brown, all of Milo.
In New Portland, July 22, Scott Knowles to Ola Llahness.
In Orono, July 27, Edwin Ruel Merrill of Yarmouth, to Blanche Evelyn Lanell of Orono.
In Portland, July 27, Charles L. Cribby of Cape Elizabeth, to Abbie G. Waterhouse of Portland.
In Prince, July 18, Pearl I. Hackett to Jennie V. Parsons; July 26, George W. Reed to Alzadia M. Sisson, all of Patten.
In Perry, John W. Cleland of Milltown, N. B., to Ida L. Garnett of Perry.
In Rockland, July 25, Walter W. Jordan to Grace Beale, both of Rockland; July 13, W. J. Coakley to Mary A. Bangle, both of Rockland.
In Sanford, July 29, Orris Clough to Annie M. Pool, both of Sanford; July 30, John L. Harmon of Standish, to Annie M. Bartlett of Sanford, New Lebanon.
In Solon, July 23, Wesley J. Moody to Alvina M. Adams, both of Solon.
In South Deer Isle, June 28, Eben Candage of Carver's Landing, to Ellen Matthews of South Deer Isle.
In St. George, July 16, Sidney G. Robinson to Lucy E. Thomas.
In South Berwick, July 9, Wilmer H. Knight to Sarah Sharp.
At Tenant's Harbor, July 23, James A. Wilson to Emma M. Pierson, both of St. George; July 25, Isaac Carson to Mary Carson.
In Washington, July 18, Wells Hannon of Liberty to L

Poetry.

For the Maine Farmer.

Maine.

Upon thy rugged, rocky shore,
Is heard the deep Atlantic's roar;
Across thy hills and o'er thy lea
There blows the softest, purest breeze;
While daisies nod in meadows fair,
And gaily sings the wild bird there.

Thy rock-ribbed hills in silence stand,
Like sentinels on every hand;
And seem to guard each peaceful vale,
Each hamlet, glen and pleasant dale.
Through forest, meadow, glen and lea
Thy rivers flow to join the sea.

I seem to see it all again,
This picture fair of honored Maine,
Loved land, my childhood's happy home,
The dearest 'neath the arching dome.
Where'er I go, where'er I be
Thine cannot dim my love for thee.

Another picture fair I see,
And Maine, this too is all of thee;
I see thee when on vale and hill
The spotless snow lies calm and still,
And decked in all thy icy sheen
Thou art the winter's lovely queen.

Thy praise in lands afar is sung,
And all thy name the tears have sprung;
My thoughts flow ever back to thee,
As flow the rivers to the sea;
And though in other climes I roam,
Maine still to me is "home sweet home."

IDA MAY DARLING.

For the Maine Farmer.

China Lake.

BY E. G. JONES, M. D.

I stood by the shore of that beautiful lake,
On a cool September morning;
Not a ripple disturbed its peaceful breast,
As I gazed far out on its surface.

A feeling of rest came over my soul,
As I stood on the shore that morning;
From the cares of the world, I was borne away,
Far out on its placid waters.
They seemed to invite me to sweet repose,
On its smooth and glistening surface.

Ah the friends of my youth,
Let them gather around;
By the side of this beautiful lake,
As their voices ring in my ears once more,
Let me grasp the hand of friendship.

Oh Time deal kindly with us all,
Let our lives flow gently onward,
To the land of the blest,
Where there is peaceful rest,
When we are safe within the harbor.

Our Story Teller.

THE LITTLE EXILE.

Poor little Maggie, with both eibows on the window sill, and her face held tight between her hands, looked out on a dreary picture before her, her heart within as cheerless as the world without. A November day was drawing to a close; and the leaden sky, which had looked so threatening since early morning, seemed to its feelings as night was coming on by a regular downpour. It brought none of the sweet, refreshing influence of a summer rain, which makes every leaf and blade of grass take on new beauty; it was simply desolation. The rain beat against the windows, and the wind blew just hard enough to snatch off the remaining leaves from the branches of the old apple trees which stood close to the house. Maggie watched the little stream by the roadside, which was every moment growing larger and larger; and she followed until they disappeared in the distance, the little twigs and dead leaves that were carried on by the swift current, wondering how they like to sail away on a hap-hazard journey.

"Oh, dear!" sighed the little girl, "why is every thing so hard for me?" And her eyes filled as she thought of her dear mamma, who had left her only a few months ago, and who could always bring sunlight into the dreariest day. A flood of memories swept over Maggie, and she had a sense of comfort with them. She thought of one May day, long passed, when the same apple trees were in blossom, and the soft spring air was full of sweet perfume, how lovingly her mother led her out to the open window, saying, "See Maggie, how these beautiful branches are reaching up to you, as if they were trying to take you and your whole little room right into their arms; but I shall not let them have you! And Maggie remembered how her mother clasped her in her own arms with the merriest laugh and the brighest look in her dear eyes, as if nothing could rob her of her little daughter.

And then she recalled another scene, one of those last days when she sat quietly by her mother's side and held in her own warm little grasp the white, thin hand whose hold on life was so very feeble.

"Dear child," the mother said, "you are now nearly twelve years old, and you must be your papa's brave little woman and a little mamma to Chubbie. Your papa has to work hard, and he gets very tired, but have everything bright for him when he comes from his work at night; and I know you will try to take good care of your little brother and be patient and kind to him always."

Maggie, at the time, could answer only by pressing more tightly the hand she clasped; but now she sobbed almost aloud, "O, mamma, I will, I will!"

This being patient was a lesson that Maggie had not yet learned. She had loving impulses; but every-day self-denial was a path too hard and too steep for her to tread. Sometimes it seemed more difficult for her to rise from a chair in which she was sitting comfortably than to do some act of self-sacrifice which her father justly praised as heroic.

Only that very day, as she sat alone and lonely in her own room, the door had opened, and Chubbie's happy face had peeped in, and the merry little voice had called out:

"O Maggie, do come and play stag coach wif me! You can be driver if you will."

Maggie did not feel like playing with him. She was not happy, and did not know the surest way to make herself so, and so she had answered rather pettishly:

"I don't want to play stage coach. Run away now, and shut the door."

"But, Maggie," and all the sunshine was gone from his face, "I don't fink you're very kind. I fink you're mean. The next time you play wif me, I'll make the horses run away wif you, I will!" And off had scampered the little fellow with a meancing scowl.

And now, only to deepen Maggie's gloom, all this was remembered, too; and she started to her feet and thought: "I will not think of myself any more. I will make Chubbie happy if I can."

As if anticipating this sudden good resolution on Maggie's part, at this very moment the door opened again, and Chubbie called out:

"O Maggie, you must come and see my coach! I made it all myself!" And then, as he looked up at the somewhat tear-stained face, he added:

"Seems to me you look a little drizzly."

"Well, Chubbie," was the smiling reply, "I have been a little 'drizzly,' but I feel better now, so come and show me to the coach." And, with a flush of pleasure, Maggie led her little brother down stairs.

Such a dear little boy as he was! Although he was so small and fat for his five years that he hardly looked as old as that, his papa had yielded to his constant entreaties for "grown-up trousers," and had just bought him his first little suit of clothes. With his round, rosy face, his bright eyes, and his radiant smile, which lighted up his whole face whenever he spoke, he looked like the happiest little Tom Thumb that could possibly be found.

At the two grew near to the library door, where the grand surprise was to be seen, Chubbie suddenly said:

"Now, Maggie, shut your eyes. Don't peek till I say one, two, free!"

"No, Chubbie, I won't peep; but don't let me bump into anything," said Maggie, as she closed her eyes tightly, and cautiously extended her hand to protect herself from running against the door.

"Oh, dear, it's just lovely! and you'll laugh yourself to pieces when you see it," cried Chubbie, with ringing voice, as he opened the library door and led his big sister into the room where his masterpiece stood.

"One, two, free!" called out the little voice, tremulous with excitement, and Maggie looked. One glance of astonishment, and then she exclaimed:

"Chubbie, you naughty, naughty, boy! Oh, my new coat, and papa's hat, and those fans that came from South America, and all those books, and the ink! Oh, how could you be such a bad, bad boy?"

Maggie's voice showed as much excitement as she gazed at the scene before her. Her father's library table was the foundation of the coach; and all the books and papers, which no one was allowed to touch, were pushed off on the floor, where they lay in the greatest confusion. On the table were perched two chairs, and on one of them sat the driver, which Chubbie had made himself by stuffing Maggie's new coat with a pillow, the sleeve of which had evidently been used to wipe up some ink which had been spilled in clearing the table. On the top of the pillow Chubbie had succeeded in balancing his papa's new silk hat, now all crushed out of shape. The two chairs, which were horses were harnessed with his own reins; and the two beautiful peacock-feather fans, which had been a choice possession in the family for years, had been pinned on to the chairs for the horses' tails, at the sacrifice of most of the feathers.

"Why, Maggie, don't you like it?" and some of the light died out of the upturned face. "I fink it is splendid. It's no matter 'bout papa's hat, for it wasn't a very strong one. I stood on it to get the fans, and it all squashed."

"Like it!" exclaimed Maggie, with indignation. "You knew you were a naughty boy, and you deserve to be sent right out of town for doing so much mischief. I won't touch a thing until papa comes, but will just ask you to think of what you have done. And, with this outburst, she turned and left the little culprit to his own thoughts.

Chubbie stood as if he were petrified for a moment; and then he broke out again, quite to himself:

"I fought Maggie would be pleased; but she is only a girl and doesn't know about coaches. I fink she is cross and mean," and the blue eyes flashed. "She said I ought to be druv out of town, and I'll just go and find some one to take care of me who likes horses wiz fuzzer tails, and boys who can make real drivers."

Chubbie was determined; and, with all his soul in his work, he immediately made all his preparations to leave town. Out of the library and up to his own tiny room, the little fat legs trotted, and then there came a pause for reflection.

"I must take some clothes to wear, for it may be a long travel out of dis big town." And Chubbie took from his closet the stout nutting-bag which Maggie had made for him when they went nutting a few weeks before, and which would now serve as a valise. Into this deep bag went the red jacket with brass buttons which Chubbie called his "soldier coat," his box of neckties, and his little empty purse. Then followed his few treasured books, a broken whip, his old doll "Plato," which had been to him a confidential friend during most of his short life, a box of pebbles he had carefully collected, and his tin soldiers. Chubbie gave the bag a good shake, and, seeing that there was still room for something more, gave one last look over his possessions to see if anything important was left behind.

"O Billy! did you fink I could forget you?" he cried, as he saw his poor old battered horse standing in the corner as well as his three legs would allow him. "You're pretty big for me to carry; but I could never, never leave you here all alone. And, in an instant, Billy's head was thrust in the bag; but, alas! his body was too big to follow. Repeated jerks and pushing did no good, and the little master saw that his faithful old horse must stay behind.

"Never mind, Billy," and the fat little arms pressed the old horse close to his loving heart with great tenderness; "be a good horsie, and I'll come back to you some day, when I'm a big man. I'm not good enough for dis house. I'm 'fraid to run out of town, but we're good friends, Billy, aren't we!" And Chubbie pressed a farewell kiss on old Billy's head.

"I guess I have everyfing I need, now," he added; and then he put on his new red cap and stout little overcoat. Just as he was ready to sling his pack over his back like a miniature Santa Claus, he spied some gloves of his father's on the table just outside of his door.

"P'raps I'd better wear dese," he said, as he drew them on his his fat hands, leaving the fingers to hang in limp helpieness. "People, might fink it queer just to see a little boy go out of town, but now I look like a big man."

Softly down the stairs the little fellow crept, with his burden over his shoulder, and quietly opened the front door, and with good courage stepped forth into the fast-gathering darkness of that bleak November day.

Maggie, in the meantime, had gone back to her room, her heart full of indignation toward Chubbie for being such a mischief-maker.

"There is no use in trying to do anything with boys; they are too bad, and then, just as I was trying to make him happy, to have him act so!" were poor Maggie's incoherent thoughts. "Well, it will do him good to stay alone until papa comes home; and I will get a breath of air by going for the mail even if it does rain."

Maggie glanced out of the window and convinced herself that it was not raining very hard; and then she made herself secure against the storm with heavy wraps and an umbrella, and started out to get the letters which she knew her papa would like to find, and his dressing gown and slippers, when he came home tired that night. She had gone but a few steps before the chill of the evening air made her feel that she had not been wise to venture out from home when it was so bleak and dreary; but the thought that her short route home from his business was not in the direction of the office, and that if she passed on she would save his coming out later, gave her fresh courage to continue on her way. As the wind blew harder and stronger, Maggie quickened her pace, and noticed that the rain was beginning to turn into snow.

There were not many people on the street in the village at this hour. A few men hurried by eagerly seeking the warmth of their own firesides, and more than once Maggie almost decided to turn back, as she saw the deserted street now growing white under the fast falling flakes; but still on she went, hardly thinking of herself.

"Oh, dear!" she exclaimed, shivering, "think of the poor people who have no shelter to-night; think of the little children who will be cold!" and a vision of her haughty Chubbie rose before her mind, warm and safe in his own cheerful home.

"Dear little Chubbie!" she thought; "perhaps he did not mean to be so naughty. Anyway I was not one bit pleasant to him; and if she saw me, I know she is sorry I forgot my promise."

At this very moment Maggie glanced across the street and saw through the gloom a tiny figure walking wearily along, carrying what seemed a heavy burden.

"Some poor little boy," she thought, "struggling to find his way home."

Her heart was touched as she went on her way; and then all at once she stood still. That little trudging fellow suggested her own Chubbie so much that she exclaimed, "Oh let me do for that child what I would want some one to do for my little brother if he were out to-night."

She turned back and flew across the street with outstretched hands, crying: "Come little boy, and I will take you home. Won't you?"

Scarcely above a whisper a little voice answered, with a tone which pierced Maggie to the soul. "I'm Chubbie—I'm bad—I want mamma." And right at her feet through sheer exhaustion fell little Chubbie, still clinging to his dearest treasures.

Poor Maggie bent over the little form with fast beating heart, and gathered her little brother in her arms, crying: "O Chubbie, forgive your sister! Here is Maggie to take you home."

That night, as Maggie stood beside the little bed where Chubbie was quietly sleeping, and thought how near she had come to losing her hold of that dimpled hand forever, she felt that at last she had learned a lesson which could never be forgotten. She bent over the tired little form, and kissed his soft cheek and whispered,—she hardly knew what, but it was something about "Bless thy little lamb to-night!"

Choice Miscellany.

For the Maine Farmer.

Studies in Sacred Song—XVII.

Augustus M. Toplady was born in the south of England in 1740. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin. When 16 years old, he chanced to go to a meeting held in a barn in Ireland, where an illiterate layman preached. Such was the power of the truth spoken, that the young man was converted. He writes himself: "Strange that I, who had so long been under the means of grace in England, should be brought to God in an obscure part of Ireland, amid a handful of God's people met together in a barn, and under the ministry of one who could scarcely spell his name. The excellency of such power must be of God, and cannot be of men."

He became an Episcopal clergyman, and served in sundry parishes, and in the last years of his life in London. He was a very strong Calvinist, and a controversy with John Wesley indulged in heated language. Otherwise than this, he was an earnest and devout man. Several of his hymns are extant. One begins:

"Your harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take;
Loud to the praise of love divine
Bid every string awake.

"Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home;
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.

"Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside at God's control;
His loving kindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul."

Toplady died when only 38. In his later days he wrote the well-known hymn, which is here given in its present form. It has been altered and improved, and reduced to three stanzas, instead of four. He little thought, when in his youthful ardor he was shouting contending for the faith, that his beautiful hymn, in company with that of Wesley's, "Jesus, lover of my soul," would go sounding round the Christian world through the ages, together harmoniously spreading the glad tidings of the gospel.

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

"Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no leniuor know,
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

"While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

In 1818, an Episcopal clergyman in the south of England, Rev. T. F. Lyte, was sent for by a neighboring clergyman whose health was failing. The invalid felt that he was about to die unprepared, and desired counsel. They read the Bible and prayed together, until both realized the blessing of salvation through Christ. One died in peace, and the other preached with new zeal and success. He labored for more than 30 years amongst a poor, rough, sea-faring people. He gathered hundreds in Sunday schools, and trained 70 or 80 Sunday school teachers. He wrote many hymns of much merit, amongst others the well known one, commencing:

"Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee."

Another, beginning:

"There is a safe and secret place
Beneath the wings Divine,
Reserved for all the kins of grace;
Oh, be that refuge mine.

"The least and feeblest there may hide,
Uninjured and unawed;
While thousands fall on every side,
He rests secure in God."

Finding his health giving way, it was his desire to write something at the close of life to lead others to high and virtuous aims. He composed an impressive prayer-hymn, of which a few stanzas are given:

"Abide with me; fast falls the eventide,
The darkness deepens, Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O, abide with me.

"I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

"Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me."

H. K. B.

Boom New England.

A Vermonter's Experience in Dakota.

I left the green hills of Vermont
A score ago last spring;
I had saved a little money,
And I thought 'twould be the thing
To go out West and buy a farm,
And work with might and main;
Get rich as Gould or Vanderbilt,
And then come back again.

And now I'm back in old Vermont,
I've learned a lesson, too.
I cannot tell you half the life
And troubles I've been through.
My pocketbook is empty,
And I haven't got a thing
To show for all I've suffered since
A year ago last spring.

I have read about Dakota,
With its mighty fields of grain,
And of the balmy zephyrs
That were wafted o'er the plains;
About the gentle showers,
And pleasant falls of snow,
And therefore to Dakota
I made up my mind to go.

I bought a farm and built a house
I sowed my fields with grain,
And waited for the zephyrs
And the gentle falls of rain;
I did not have to wait in vain,
For one summer day
There came a gentle zephyr
And it blew my house away.

I watched my fields of growing grain,
And figured o'er and o'er
The bounteous gain I should have,
A hundred fold or more.
The gold for which I'd sell my grain,
The mortgage I would pay,
Alas! The "hopper-grass" came
And carried it away.

The chills and fever then jumped in,
And stayed with me till fall,
Then shortly Mr. Blizzard came
And made a friendly call.
He brought those pleasant falls of snow
And kindly buried me
So deep that for a week or more
The sun I did not see.

Before that dreary winter passed
I nearly starved to death,
And in the spring I gathered up
What few things I had left.
And so—by working on the way—
At last worn out and gaunt,
I found myself once more, thank God!
Again in old Vermont.

That farm is in the same old place,
If it hasn't blown away,
And any one can have it
If the mortgage they will pay.
But to the young men of Vermont
My kind advice would be,
Stick to the green New England hills,
They're good enough for me.

A PREACHER'S NECKTIE. The Rev. Dr. Gunsaulus had an interesting experience out in Arizona last summer. It will bear narrating. It seems that a friend in London, aware of the reverend gentleman's fondness for vivid color, sent Dr. Gunsaulus a bright red necktie. There is no such necktie in the world quite so red as a British red necktie; it is the consummation, the apotheosis of redness. When Dr. Gunsaulus clapped eyes on that necktie he was dazzled—nay, he was stunned by its terrific splendor. As quickly as he could he put it away. "I must not wear it," said he to himself. "It is too wicked for this part of the world. I will reserve it for London."

It is true that Dr. Gunsaulus had 165 acres of wheat out in Arizona that needed looking after, but it is more than likely that an ambition to wear that new splendid red necktie inspired in Dr. Gunsaulus a ceaseless yearning to go west. At any rate he went, accompanied by his son, a little fellow of 10 or 12 years of age.

To such as have never seen Dr. Gunsaulus decked in that array which he affects when inspecting wheat or hunting rare bibliomaniac fields in Arizona, we will say that this costume is strange to the degree of weirdness. Its most conspicuous feature is a black felt hat with an enormous flexible brim. An especial flavor of spice—of wickedness, if you please was given to this costume by the superb necktie. To be candid, Dr. Gunsaulus, attired for Arizona, looked very like one of those heroic far-western characters of which Bret Harte loves to treat.

Now it happened that Dr. Gunsaulus travelled from Los Angeles to Yuma through the kindly officers of one of the influential lambs of his flock. This free pass was made continuous all the way from Chicago to Arizona and back again. It fell somewhat within the line of interstate commerce act, for it was made out to the account of (and was to be paid in) advertising.

This free pass worked all right, until Dr. Gunsaulus struck the Santa Fé country. It was then that a coarse, unfeeling, one-eyed conductor came through the train, collecting tickets at the point of a murderous-looking horse pistol. He had been sheriff of Cochise in New Mexico and was a Thing of Blood.

"Tickets!" demanded the fierce monster. Dr. Gunsaulus mildly produced his free pass. The conductor read the free pass. The unflawed fire of scepticism illumined his cyclopean optic.

"Wat's yer name?" asked the conductor. "The Rev. F. W. Gunsaulus," answered the holy man.

The conductor took as rapid a view of Dr. Gunsaulus as his one eye would permit of.

"No yer don't!" exclaimed the conductor brutally. "Yer don't play that game on me! Yer no parson!"

"Indeed I am, and a very good preacher, too," remonstrated Dr. Gunsaulus.

"Come, now," said the conductor, "it's no use of yer tryin' to come any monkey business with me; I reckon I know a doggery when I see him. Yer'll have to put up your good money or get off'n the train."

There seemed to be no alternative. Dr. Gunsaulus looked out of the car window; it would not do to jump. He let down in that desert of cactuses and prairie dogs. He sought to reason with the conductor; every gift, every power, every artifice of eloquence at his command he brought to bear upon the callous creature but all in vain. In vain also, did the reverend gentleman's little boy plaintively, but stoutly maintain that his "papa was a minister;" the ungrateful heart of that conductor was not to be moved.

"No dominy ever wore a necktie like that," said the conductor. "You'll have to put up the stuff or get off'n the train."

Dr. Gunsaulus did put up, but not until he had secured a receipt therefor from the one-eyed sceptic. The next three hours were hours of misery, for not even so long-suffering and so patient a clergyman as Dr. Gunsaulus cares to be separated from his worldly possessions by the unfeeling agent of the soulless railway corporation.

But about 100 miles further down the road the mayor of Santa Fé boarded the train, and he was happily able to identify Dr. Gunsaulus as being indeed entitled to all perquisites and courtesies involved in and enfolded by that free pass. So the one-eyed conductor disgorged the money and made an apology as best he could.

"I've been living out here now for goin' on 25 years," he said, and I've seen every kind of human built from bonanza kings down to three card monte sharks, but I never seen a preacher with a red necktie afore! Say, pardner, yer a daisy I'll bet. Although it's agin the rules, I don't mind lookin' at yer if yer've got yer bottle handy!

THE OLDEST MAN ON EARTH—HE LIVES IN BOGOTA AND HIS AGE IS ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY YEARS. The oldest man in the world is a citizen of Bogota, in the Republic of Sau Salvador. This new Methuselah, so the story goes, declares that he is one hundred and eighty years old, and it would seem he flatters himself, for his neighbors give the assurance that he is older than he says he is.

He is a half-breed named Michael Solis, whose existence was revealed to Dr. Louis Hernandez by one of the oldest planters in the locality, who as a child knew Solis as a centenarian. They have found under date of 1712 his signature among those of persons who contributed to the building of a Franciscan convent which exists near San Sebastian. His skin is like parchment, his long hair of the whiteness of snow envelops his head like a turban, and his look is so keen that it made a disagreeble impression on the doctor.

Interrogated by the doctor, he answered complacently that his great age was due to his regular mode of living, and to his never giving up to any excess of any sort whatever.

"I never eat but once a day," said he, "but I never eat any but the strongest and most nourishing foods. My meals last a half hour, for I believe it is impossible to eat more in that time than the body can digest in twenty-four hours. I fast the first and fifteenth day of each month, and on those days I drink as much water as I can bear. I always let my food become cold before I touch it. It is to these things that I attribute my great age."

NOVEL ENTERTAINMENT. Mr. W. A. Milliken of Bar Harbor is preparing a most novel and unique entertainment. His plan is to shipwreck a vessel during the prevalence of a heavy sea, somewhere on the Mt. Desert coast, near Schooner Head or Otter Creek. He means to fit up a good looking vessel, put a crew on board, and then when the right kind of weather comes, advertise for a crowd of spectators whom he will admit to the scene at a given price, to behold the spectacle, and when all is ready run his vessel into the breakers where she is expected to go to pieces. He will have a life-saving crew on the spot with the necessary apparatus to save lives and property.

Two large deer came into the field but a short distance from the buildings on Charles Hutchinson's farm in West Weld, one morning last week. They seemed quite tame, stopping to feed in a piece of clover close to the house.

Curious Things.

A Haunted Phonograph.

Catching the Remark of the Departed at a Spiritual Seance.

Spirits that hover about seances in Washington are up to the times. They have demanded phonographs or "talking machines" to assist them in their work, and the earthly beings who attend to their wants have provided them. "The touch of the hand that is vanished and the sound of the voice that is still." That is a part of a message or address recorded on a phonograph cylinder by an apparition claiming to be the materialized spirit of the late lamented John King, pirate. Mr. King's head appeared at an aperture in a dark screen. The room was dimly lighted. The phonograph was outside of the screen and the horn or sound receiver extended up so that it just touched the edge of the aperture. Mr. Cromelien, the general manager of the Columbia Phonograph Company, was outside of the screen and operated the little lever of the phonograph so as to set it going or to stop it to suit Mr. King's convenience. There was objection to Mr. Cromelien's going behind the screen as it might have a bad effect on the manifestations. This all occurred in a house on I street, where two spirit mediums are doing business in the usual way. Mr. Cromelien was there with his phonograph last night and two night previous. A *Star* reporter listened to the voice of the pirate King as it was reproduced by the phonograph. It was somewhat sepulchral, an extra graveyard twang being given to it by the lapse of time in horn through which it escaped out of the phonograph. John King's voice was not the only one thus imprisoned. There was an address by Mr. Wash. Emmons, who, according to his own statement, had no palate in life and has not succeeded in picking up one yet in the after life. So a good many of Mr. Emmons' remarks consist of rather unintelligible gutturals. Others of the cheerful circle of spirits that have given their time toward making the I street seances interesting, also spoke. The mechanical arrangement in each case was the same as in the case of John King. Some of the voices are recorded with marvellous distinctness. The messages are all on about the same level as the usual spirit message. One spirit said it was like talking into an empty barrel to speak into the phonograph horn. The phonograph experiment was tried because the spirits themselves, according to the statement made to the *Star* reporter, clamored for it. One spirit, much interested in the proceedings, claimed to be the immortal essence of Christy, the minstrel. Christy proposes to drum for the phonograph and make a record of what is considered a wonderful performance even for a spirit—the beating of a rapid tattoo in perfect time with light sticks made by splitting a clothpin. This would have been done that night probably, but Christy was in a hurry to get away from the performance, in order to see a sparring match at one of the theaters. He keeps up his interest in these things.

Heart-Beats.

Dr. B. W. Richardson of London, the noted physician, says he was recently able to convey a considerable amount of conviction to an intelligent scholar by a simple experiment. The scholar was singing the praises of the "ruddy bumper," and saying he could not get through the day without it when Dr. Richardson said to him, "Will you be good enough to feel my pulse as I stand here?" He did so. I said: "Count it carefully. What does it say?" "Your pulse say seventy-four." I then sat down in a chair, and asked him to count it again. He did so, and said, "Your pulse has gone down to seventy." I then lay down on the lounge, and said, "Will you take it again?" He replied: "Why it's only sixty-four! That's extraordinary thing!" I then said: "When you lie down at night, that is the way nature gives your heart a rest. You know nothing about it, but that beating organ is resting to that extent; and, if you reckon it up, it is a great deal of rest, because in lying down we lie down to ten strokes less a minute. Multiply that by sixty and it is 600; multiply it by eight hours, and, within a fraction, it is 5000 strokes difference, and the heart is doing six ounces of blood at every stroke, it makes a difference of 30,000 ounces of life during the night. When I lie down at night without any alcohol, that is the rest my heart gets. But when you take your regular drop, you do not allow that rest, for the influence of alcohol is to increase the number of strokes, and instead of getting this rest you put on something like 15,000 extra strokes, and the result is you rise up very seedy and unfit for the next day's work till you have taken a little more of the 'ruddy bumper,' which you say is the soul of man below."

A DROP OF HAY-WATER—WHAT ONE MAY SEE THEREIN BY THE AID OF A MICROSCOPE. Let me tell you some of the wonderful things I have seen. Once I put a little hay in a tumbler covered up with water, and set the glass in a warm place for a day or two. Then, with a medicine-dropper, I put a drop of the water on a glass slip, covered it with a very thin glass—what they call a cent, and placed it under my microscope, adjusted the focus, and what a sight met my eyes! Dozens and dozens of what looked like animated drops of jelly were darting here and there, bumping against one another, or dodging one another like school-boys at recess. Perhaps among the crowd of smaller ones would dash a much bigger fellow. I fancied it might be a big brother, older than the others by some hours, and so entitled to the deference he seemed to exact. Then, in another part of the drop of water, the little ones formed almost a circle, and presently in the center of this came a big fellow—he must have been at least one-hundredth of an inch long—who began revolving slowly. "P. T. Barnum," I thought to myself. "That is exactly the way I have seen him address an audience surrounding a circus ring." But I can never know what he told the small ones, for not even the "little ghost of an inaudible squeak" reached my ears. Besides these little creatures, I could see what looked like dark specks darting above. Determined to find out what these were, I used a stronger magnifying glass, and looking through it the specks proved to be other little swimmers such as I had just been examining; and the latter, of course seemed larger. But now there were still other specks darting about, so a still stronger glass was used, with the same result. Magnify as I might, I could not reach a point where there were not some moving atoms needing further magnifying. I have since learned that no glass has ever been made powerful enough to reveal the tiniest of these "*infusoria*" as they are called.

A JOURNEY AROUND THE WORLD ON FOOT was undertaken more than a century ago by an English corporal of marines named Ledlard. In the winter of 1786 he started from London with the design of walking around the globe or around as much of it as possible. He designed to traverse Europe and Asia on foot and then be ferried across Behring Straits to the American shore whence he would continue his journey to the Atlantic Ocean somewhere between New York and Boston. He was an American by birth and had no money. Sir Joseph Banks and others raised a subscription for him to the amount of $250, and with that in his pocket he started. He walked to St. Petersburg by the way of Hamburg and Copenhagen, going around the gulf of Bothnia to the north. Then he continued his journey to the east as far as Yakutsk, intending to press on toward Behring Straits, in the spring of 1788. But in January of that year he was arrested by order of the Empress, taken back to St. Petersburg, and afterwards put across the Polish frontier with orders not to enter Russia again without the Imperial permission.

PHENOMENA OF SLEEP. As a result of modern research, it is asserted that, in falling asleep, the sight ceases first to receive impressions, the sense of taste next, then smelling, then hearing, and touch retains its susceptibility longest. One can suspend pear, sorrower, or sleep with different degrees of profoundness. Touch is the most easily awakened, hearing next, then sight, and taste and smelling awake last. Sleep does not begin in the stomach, the body simultaneously, but proceeds from the extremities towards the centre of nervous action. Dreams may be due to imperfect sleep, one or more senses, or one or more parts of the body, being awake.

For many years a spring of dirty water ran from the house of a certain M. Korotneff, in the town of Babagosti, and caused the proprietor much trouble. At times the spring would cover the best street in the city with mud. Of late the spring has become a public nuisance, and the city authorities compelled M. Korotneff to build a small reservoir around it and lead off the muddy substance by sewer pipes. But as soon as this was done it was discovered that the substance in the new reservoir was pure naphtha.

The attempt to transplant the sponge industry from the Florida coast to the waters of New Jersey and Long Island has been a failure, for the reason that the sponges do not appear to find anything on which to exist and develop. Probably the temperature of the water, also, is too low. Here the Florida coast, the business is highly profitable. Nearly 400 vessels, with about 3,000 men afloat and ashore, are afforded employment by it; and a single place, Key West, handles nearly $600,000 worth of sponges every year.

James Polk Abbott, who died at Bradford, Pa., recently, at the age of 46, had no animal matter in the bones of his legs. One of them was broken twenty-seven times and the injury was as painful as a similar mishap to any other man. The deceased leaves a son, aged 16, who has had his leg broken sixteen times.

Mrs. Kate Williams of Houston, Tex., has given birth to a boy baby which has a full set of teeth.

Young Folks' Column.

His Ancestor.

"Jacob Leyden, who everybody supposed was worth a million two or three times over had failed," said one fashionable young man to a group of fashionable young men at an evening swell party, where none but those who either have or expect to inherit large fortunes can attend.

"How about young Clarence Leydon?" asked Paxton Lightman, a young man about eighteen, who was noted as being the best dancer, the strongest athlete and the greatest flirt among the swells of fashion, and also that his father was worth much more than a million.

"This is the hardest part of it," said the first speaker. "He will be obliged to go to work, and he does not know how to do a single thing."

"That is tough," exclaimed another young man, "to have one's governor fail just when one needs him, or rather needs his cash in society."

"That is not my idea at all," said another. "We ought to be able to take care of ourselves independent of the governor. As for my place, I am studying medicine, of which I have a liking. I am not going to be a fashionable pauper all my life. I think that the man who depends upon his father is dependent, and any one of my age who is wholly dependent is a pauper." Just then the music commenced and the conversation ended.

It was late that night, or rather early in the morning, when Paxton Lightman got to his own home. He found that his mother had not forgotten him, but had a bright fire in the dining-room grate for him, and a lunch upon the table. As he ate his lunch the conversation came back to him, but most prominent of all were the words "one who is wholly dependent is a pauper." That must mean him. He had never earned a cent in his life. Why need he? Was not his father rich? And did he not have his books and his athletic club, and was he not having plenty of fun in society? Around upon the wall were the pictures of his ancestors. Queer place for them in the dining-room, but that was a freak of his father's. There was Sir John Lightman's picture. Sir John was his great-grandfather. His father and mother took a great deal of pride in Sir John. Having finished his lunch, he moved his chair around so as to get the full benefit of the fire. Yes, he was from the aristocracy, but "one wholly dependent is a pauper." He became aware that he was not alone. Over in the large easy-chair sat an old man. Who was he? For all the world he looked like the picture of Sir John.

"Good evening, Paxton," said the old man.

"Good evening, sir; but I did not know you were here. Who are you?" said Paxton.

"I am your great-grandfather."

"Sir John?"

"No, not Sir John, but John Lightman."

"But"—and Paxton turned to the noted picture, when behold the frame was empty, the picture having disappeared. Where was it?

"That is all right," said the old gentleman, who noticed the puzzled look upon the young man's face; "I was tired and concluded that I would come out and have a talk with you. You see, Paxton, I have heard your father and mother talk so much about Sir John Lightman that I have got sick and tired of it, and to-night I made up my mind that I would leave the old frame, where I had been seventy-five years, and come down here and have a talk with my great-grandson, who, I am afraid, will grow up and be an educated fool, or rather a foolish boy with a good education."

"I don't understand," exclaimed Paxton, who hardly knew whether it would be wise or foolish to be offended at the smiling old man. "What do you mean?"

"Well, to be plain, Paxton, I used to work."

"You work, Sir John?"

"Do not call me Sir John; there was never a Sir John Lightman. That is all in the imagination of your father."

"Who in the world were you?"

"John Lightman, who has the honor of being your great-grandfather. Here is a bit of family history. I was a candle-maker in London, and made a fortune by it. After I died two sons, the elder of which was your grandfather, continued the business after me, and they, too, made money. Your father's inheritance from his father was enough to make him rich. He could not play me off as Sir John in London, so he came to America, bringing me with him. In America he married your mother, and here we are. And I am not Sir John at all; I am simply John Lightman, formerly candle-maker in London."

"Really, this is interesting," said Paxton.

"Yes; but I heard you say to-night since you came home from the party, that one who is wholly dependent is a pauper."

"Yes, I did say that."

"Then, my great-grandchild, remember it; you nor no one else ever made a more true statement."

Just as the last word fell from the old man's lips, he quickly disappeared from the chair, the blank space in the frame hanging on the wall was filled, and the face of his great-grandfather, "Sir John," as he was called, was calmly looking down upon Paxton as he sat there rubbing his eyes and wondering how long he had been asleep.

Twenty years later and we find Paxton Lightman as one of the greatest engineers and surveyors upon the American continent. He never was a superstitious man, but somehow he dated his success to the time when he had his dreamland conversation with his ancestor, John Lightman, the candle-maker. What brought this about? That dream at first only excited his curiosity. He wanted to know whether his grandfather was a candle-maker or not. One day he asked his mother, who thought less of aristocracy and more of common sense than did his father.

"I do not know Paxton; but if he was a candle-maker, or followed any other honest calling, you need not be ashamed of him."

Shortly afterward he asked his father:

"Father, was any of our ancestors candle-makers?"

"Candle-makers!" exclaimed his proud father; "you must be crazy. What put that into your head?"

"I was only thinking," replied Paxton.

"Well, don't think any more," exclaimed his father as he left him.

"Don't think any more." Somehow it seemed to him that his mother had a good deal more common sense than his father. He found her.

"Mother," he said, putting his arms around her, "I am going to learn to do something. I wish I knew enough to support myself."

"That is all right, Paxton," said she, kissing him, "but what will it be?"

"You know I have always been a good reader, mother."

"Yes, Paxton."

"I have read a good many books of travel and surveying."

"Yes."

"Well, I shall be a surveyor."

"Paxton, you know that I want you to succeed; I can not do much, but I can pray for you."

"You are just the best mother in the world," said Paxton. "I am glad you are what you are."

"Hush, Paxton."

"I mean it."

Twenty years after that Paxton was at the top of his profession. He was wealthy, but not a dollar had he inherited from his father, because his father had no money for any one to inherit, it having all been lost, and how, no one knew; the fortune of which Sir John or John Lightman, the candle-maker, was the founder, was lost. Paxton never again had a conversation in dreamland. The old picture of his ancestor adorned his dining-room, as it did his father's. In Paxton's house the title "sir" was dropped therefrom. And when his own boys and girls would question him about the picture he would say:

"Children, your grandmother knows more about that picture than I do; ask her." Sometimes he would add: "Your great-grandfather was a good man. He knew how to work, and you must learn how to work, for one who is wholly dependent is a pauper."

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